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REVIEWS

General History of Civilization. Translated from the French of M. Guizot. Oxford, Talboys.

England under Seven Administrations. By Anthony Fonblanque, Esq. Bentley.

As eminent writer of the present day has stated, that "there is no more a philosophy of history than a philosophy of romance." Were this true, records of past events, instead of helping to dispel the "shadows, clouds, and darknesses" that rest on futurity, would only serve, "like the stern-lights of a ship, to illuminate the past." Older and better authorities declare that "the things which were written aforetime were written for our learning,"—and that "history is philosophy teaching by example;" and both these expressions are but modifications of the axiom, that experience is the best guide to truth. There is no doubt that many of the lessons deduced both from ancient and modern history are uncertain and illusive—that the examples are frequently distorted and mis-applied, but this has been the fate of almost every science, whether physical or social: the errors of philosophic historians are no more an objection to the philosophy of history than the mistakes of Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe are an argument against the Newtonian system of the universe. It is said that history should be confined to facts; be it so; but are there no facts except the material and the visible? Is there nothing real to which we cannot assign the limits of time and place? Belief is just as much a fact as action—opinions and their influence are as real as battles and their consequences.

There are three historical problems—1, The external form of humanity at any given time and place, or through any given period; 2, The state and progress of human intelligence under the same circumstances; and 3, The connexion between these two developments, or the mode in which the popular mind has influenced publication. M. Guizot's *History of Civilization* is a solution of this third problem, continued through nineteen centuries: Mr. Fonblanque's volumes may be regarded as a close approximation to the more limited solution of the same problem—the effect produced by the development of English intelligence on English institutions during the last ten years. We have therefore placed these works together, and, by the aid of both, shall endeavour to give a sketch of the progress of intelligence from the beginning of modern civilization to our own times; so that, by knowing the past direction of the current, we may be enabled to form a reasonable conjecture respecting its future tendency.

Events are the result of institutions; institutions are the offspring of opinions: consequently, the progress of intelligence is not simply the philosophy, it is rather the very essence of history; and the more accurately this is determined, the nearer does history approach to the dignity of science. It seems to us, that M. Guizot has needlessly complicated the inquiry by drawing too strong a line of demarcation between civilization improving the social system, and civilization perfecting the individual mind; there is, no doubt, a great distinction between them, but this does not wholly arise, as M. Guizot supposes, from the movement of the mass

impeding the movement of the individual—the loss of the latter is comparative rather than absolute. There are statesmen, however, to whom this distinction furnishes an excuse for exceptions to the course of policy deducible from their own reasoning; and, indeed, this very plea has been brought forward by the author to explain the difference between his lessons as a lecturer and his conduct as a minister. But he has not ventured to test his theory by an appeal to experiment: in no one of his historical lectures has he tried the progress of civilization by the advancement of individual mind; he invariably uses social improvement as the only element of proof. We shall follow the lecturer rather than the minister.

Our principles of civil liberty are usually traced to the Germanic tribes who overthrew the Empire; we, however, incline to the opinion that we inherit them from the Empire itself, which, to its latest day, was little more than an aggregate of free cities or petty republics, united under what was called Roman majesty. The municipalities preserved their individual character to a very late period, and the first cause that operated in blending and fusing them into a uniform mass was religion, and not policy. Christianity owed neither its substance nor its form to Constantine; he found its organization as complete as its creed; there were independent associations of churches similar to the municipalities, but united together by the principle of a common faith, which was more potent and binding, because fixed on a more definite opinion than the vague notion of Roman majesty. This principle of union was encouraged by the emperors, and it fast transferred to the ecclesiastics the power and influence formerly possessed by the civic magistrates; and thus it engendered a profound reverence for priestly power, amounting almost to a direct anxiety for theocratic government. The human mind was the scene of a struggle between the spiritual and temporal powers, long before the question was openly mooted between kings and bishops.

Thus strengthened, the Church remained firm during the successive invasions of the northern hordes; flood followed flood, but the ecclesiastical land-marks rarely sunk beneath the wave, and, when the waters subsided, the Church alone could produce title-deeds for its possessions. It is to this permanence that we owe the idea of "legitimacy," one of the most influential in modern civilization. M. Guizot, indeed, contends that this idea is essential to every government—that it may be found in the republics of Greece and Rome, and even in the despotisms of Asia. But the modern idea of legitimacy differs essentially from the ancient; it is more comprehensive, definite, and moral, because it is more reasonable; it lends a sanction, not to one form, but to all,—not on account of their antiquity, but on the proof that experience has given of their utility. The enemies of legitimacy are those who claim an unreasoning confidence for the complex idea which confessedly belongs not to any of its parts—who put it forward as a conclusive argument against discussion, while its very nature is to court investigation and challenge inquiry.

The attempt to give to temporal governments the legitimacy and subordination possessed by the Church, generated the feudal system, in which

the civilizing element of federation is blended with the barbarous notions of personal independence, brought by the Germanic tribes from their native forests. These inconsistent notions proved equally fatal to the sovereignty of the monarch and the liberty of the people; individual prowess was fostered at the expense of social security; the influence of the towns was transferred to the country, and municipal institutions, the last relics of ancient civilization, almost wholly disappeared. But the Church fought the battle of humanity against feudalism, and issued forth with increased power from the conflict. The opinion of its power was now strengthened by the opinion of its beneficence, and the institution of the papacy was completed, amid general and merited approbation.

The opinion on which the papacy rested—in other words, its theory—was beautiful, and was capable of limitless expansion; it was simply that power should ever be based on intelligence. This is a universal truth: the restrictions, however, it received from the Popes rendered it a falsehood, for with them intelligence meant theology, and they persevered in this error long after it had been abandoned by the rest of the world. The fatal blow to the papacy was the discovery that there was a rivalry, or rather an opposition, between scholastic divinity and philosophy, and the demand for free investigation.

During the age of the Crusades two new elements of civilization were developed—commercial freedom, which was partly derived from the remembrance of the old municipalities, and royalty,—or rather a tendency to centralization in government. The papacy at first opposed both, but the opinion of its exclusive intelligence was gone; the authority of the Crown was found more influential in checking the tyranny of feudalism than that of the Church, and in the end the Popes entered into alliance with royalty.

Freedom of opinion, and freedom of institution, were separately developed; so far were they from being allied, that, for a long period, they were directly opposed. The Popes were the first to discover the connexion between them, and hence the readiness with which they joined Kings in crushing municipalities. But the papacy had been shorn of its strength, intelligence was no longer confined to the cloister; indeed, it was rather to be sought anywhere else, and yet the Church still maintained its claim to rule over mind. The Reformation was the consequence; it was incomplete, because efforts were made within and without the Church at the same moment, by the lay democracy and by the spiritual aristocracy—parties naturally opposed to each other. The Council of Constance, bent on reform of one kind, burned John Huss for attempting reform of another kind; the Bishops of Germany cursed Martin Luther, and encouraged Charles V. to wage war against the Pope. By the diplomatic management of the Vatican the two parties were kept at variance in Southern Europe until both were exhausted, and the papacy quietly resumed its ancient power.

But even where it prevailed, the Reformation was necessarily imperfect, for, while religious opinion made such rapid progress, political opinion remained stationary. This was especially the case in England: freedom of thought was one element of popular belief—absolutism in government was another; hence the institutions

were far behind the opinions on which they were founded, and gave satisfaction neither to kings, clergy, nor people.

The English Church formed an alliance with the king, the Scottish Church joined the people; the clashing interests of all three generated a civil war, which was terminated by a system of mutual compromise at the Revolution. But the peace between the parties was patched up in a hurry; many of the most important articles were left undefined, and have been the subject of controversy, more or less angry, ever since.

The alliance between royalty and the papacy on the continent, became powerless after the death of Louis XIV; freedom of thought was the predominant element of the eighteenth century; the spirit of examination broke every restraint; institutions, opinions, customs—man himself—were subjected to a sceptical scrutiny, that respected nothing, and spared nothing. An opinion was generated of the all-sufficiency of human reason, a dogma fatal to the existence of all others. The result was the French revolution: we might justly be surprised at the rapidity with which institutions which had stood for ages, were then levelled to the ground, if we did not know that the opinions on which they rested were previously destroyed; and we might wonder at the instability of the new institutions that succeeded, were it not evident that freedom of inquiry had ended in scepticism, and that doubt is fatal to permanence.

Legitimacy was the most influential opinion opposed to the French revolution; it triumphed, because of its inherent truth, and began instantly to fade in consequence of superinduced falsehood. The legitimists chose to restrict the idea; and we have already seen that opinions rule only while they are held as universal truths, but lose their efficacy when they are limited into falsehood. Now the right of Norway to choose between Denmark and Sweden,—the rights of Poland, Venice, and Genoa, to their independence, and many others that could be mentioned, were just as legitimate, in the true sense of the word, as those of any sovereigns, governments, or institutions. The Holy Alliance was the worst enemy of legitimacy: it changed truth into falsehood, and a reasonable idea into an absurdity.

A new opinion, the dominant dogma of this age, was soon developed; namely, that power should be based on intelligence, and, as a consequence, that as the masses become intelligent, they should be admitted to a share in political power. This, we may observe, was also the primary idea of the papacy, though the same consequence was not deduced, and it may furnish a philosophical excuse for the alliance between popery and democracy in our day, which seems so puzzling to many worthy people. The growth of this opinion was rapid; and its influence has been recognized by the leaders of every party; the first manifestation of it was the frequency of appeals to public opinion, as some power distinct from the legislature, and, in a restricted sense, superior to it. The most signal display of its early progress was the formation of the Canning ministry, which rested its claims for support on the general intelligence of the country, and seemed to defy other depositories of power. When that ministry fell, whether from its internal weakness, the weakness of the dogma on which it relied, or want of faith in the strength of that dogma, we do not venture to determine. Sir Robert Peel was foremost in paying his homage to the new opinion, declaring in express terms, that "government threw itself for support upon the judgment of the people;" and Mr. Huskisson, then in the cabinet, more emphatically professed his "confidence in a sound and enlightened public opinion, exercising, year after

year, in a higher degree, its salutary influence, as well on the councils of ministers, as on the proceedings of parliament." Here was a recognition, not only of the growth of intelligence, but also of the influence that such intelligence ought to possess; the new opinion, pregnant with new institutions, was adopted by the legislature, and the institutions themselves followed as a necessary sequence. The dogma is now a matter of national faith; it is appealed to as a reason for movement, and a reason for stopping short. At Sheffield, Mr. Ward argued against Universal Suffrage on this principle: "It is my belief, that whatever alterations are made in the present state of the franchise, must be made co-extensive with the progress of education." We have no wish to tread the slippery ground of modern politics, and shall not, therefore, pursue any further our analysis of "the spirit of the age." We have endeavoured to pourtray it dispassionately, and to substitute the calm views of philosophy, for the colourings of party zeal and the distortions of faction.

Mr. Fonblanque's volumes are reprints of articles that appeared in the *Examiner*, and are too generally known for formal criticism; his terse and condensed style, his felicity of humorous illustration, and his searching scrutiny into the principles of every question, give each separate chapter great value and interest; but, taken altogether, the volumes produce the effect of a dinner, in which all the dishes are curried so highly, that the seasoning destroys the palate.

The Star of Seville: a Drama, in Five Acts. By Mrs. Butler (late Miss Kemble). Saunders & Otley.

THERE appears to be a *train* of the Kembles laid from Covent Garden Theatre, straight through fame, up to something very like immortality. Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine, and Queen Constance, were not *written*, or they would have gone hand in hand with Shakespeare. John Kemble's Macbeth, Coriolanus, and Hamlet, are only not deathless, because *we* are not deathless. We only grieve that there is no *stereotype* for the memory. Charles Kemble's Cassio, Romeo, and Falconbridge, are Kemble realizations of Shakespeare;—the highest mental achievement which can be ceded to any dramatic artist. Miss Fanny Kemble won golden opinions from all sorts of men as an actress,—but we confess, with the Kemble madness strong upon us, she seemed to us to fail in the true Kemble vigour and intensity. Yet, disappointing us thus, "at one elastic bound" she has now sprung into the purer air of genius, and sought fame in a higher and clearer element. From the actress she has soared into the authoress.

The 'Star of Seville' is a dramatic poem, full of poetical beauties—strongly marked with originality, not of character, but of thought—tinted with imitations of the style of the old writers—yet, on the whole, distinguishing the writer, as one capable of accomplishing a dramatic work not unworthy the regard of those who know the value of Massinger and Ford.

The plot of this drama is simple enough. *Alphonso*, the young King of Spain, comes to Seville in his progress through his dominions, and is enthusiastically welcomed; *Don Pedro* and *Don Carlos* (the latter much attached to the king from childhood) are two nobles of Seville. *Estrella*, the sister of Don Pedro, is betrothed, and on the eve of marriage with Don Carlos.

The king, in passing through the city, sees Estrella at her balcony, and is enamoured of her, and employs *Arias*, his cousin and favourite, to procure him an interview. This is arranged, and the king enters her apartment from the

balcony. Her screams bring her brother, Don Pedro, to her rescue. A struggle ensues, and the king escapes. The latter is so enraged, that he sends for Carlos, and instigates (or commands) him to murder Pedro, on the plea of his having attempted the life of his sovereign. The king binds him to the dreadful act before he tells him who is to be his victim; when Don Carlos reads the name, he still considers himself fatally sworn to the deed, works himself into a state of madness and intoxication—seeks Pedro—provokes him into a combat, and kills him. Carlos is taken—he confesses he is the murderer—is condemned and executed. Estrella goes mad—escapes from those who have the care of her into the street—sees Carlos as he is being led to execution—rushes to the scaffold, and dies with him.

This drama, or dramatic poem, is, as we have already remarked, full of poetical beauties; and we have the sincerest pleasure in being the means of first introducing some of them to our readers. Love is an old theme,—but see what a young and intellectual woman can originate upon the subject:—

CARLOS. Oh! Pedro, pardon me; thou ne'er didst live! 'Tis writ in the smooth margin of thy brow, And in the steady lustre of thine eye. Thy blood did never riot through thy veins With the distemper'd hurried course of love; Thy heart did never shake thy shuddering frame With the thick startled throbbing pulse of love! Thou hast ne'er wept love's bitter burning tears; Hoped with love's wild unutterable hope, Nor drown'd in love's dark, fathomless despair. Time is a steadfast and a fixed nature, 'Gainst which the tide of passion and desire Breaks harmless as the water o'er the rock, And the rich light of beauty shines alone On thy soul's surface, leaving all beneath it Unmoved and cold as subterranean springs. Love hath no power o'er spirits such as thine, Nor comes not nigh to them.

ESTRELLA. Oh! tell me, Pedro, Whom hast thou loved? PEDRO. Thee, from thy cradle upwards! EST. Nay; but whom dost thou love? PEDRO. Thee, more than life! EST. Floutest thou not answer me in seriousness? PEDRO. Some other time, sweet; but for that, no matter Whether my heart hath bled beneath the dart, Or whether there hath stuck no arrow there: I know the very difference that lies 'Twixt hollow'd love and base unpolish'd lust; I know the one is as a golden spur, Urging the spirit to all noblest aims; The other but a foul and mucky pit, Overthrowing it in midst of its career; I know the one is as a living spring Of virtuous thoughts, true dealings, and brave deeds—Nobler than glory, and more sweet than pleasure,—Richer than wealth, begetter of more excellence Than taught that from this earth corrupt takes birth, Second alone in the fair fruit it bears To the unmix'd ore of true devotion: I know that lust is all of this, spelt backwards; Fouler than shame, and bitterer than sorrow, More loathly than most abject penury—Nor hath it fruit or bearing to requite it, Save sick satiety and good men's scorn. He that doth serve true love I love and honour; And he that is lust's slave, I do despise, Though he were twenty times the King of Spain; Wherewith I do commend me to your favours, And leave ye to your parting undisturbed.

The above has all the daringness and truth of genius, unassailed by the timidity of the sex.

Again, the following if not dramatic, is so full of the essence of poetry, that we feel impelled to extract it.

CARLOS. Dost thou not think that I shall love thee well? Dost thou not know that in this air-clipped earth There's no created thing I love like thee? Tell me—oh! tell me, sweetest, dearest, best! Dost thou not feel how utterly I love thee? Speak to me, dear Estrella; do not turn Thy fair eyes from me—there are tears in them! What have I done? Have I offended thee? Upon my knees, here at thy feet I'll lie, Doing too blest a penance for my sin, Till thou forgive me: wherefore dost thou weep? EST. Oh, nature knows no other coin for joy Or grief, but melts them both alike in tears: I have a thousand stifling feelings press My heart to bursting; joy to the height of pain Comes like a flood upon my every sense; Thy voice runs through my frame like the soft touch Of summer winds o'er trembling harp-strings playing, Thy gentle words and looks that, though I love, I dare not meet, make my soul faint within me. Oh! Carlos, there is pain in this deep pleasure, And o'er our joys taste of earth's bitter root; Besides, there is a thought that, hand in hand

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With the sweet promise of our marriage, comes
Like shadow upon sunlight—I must go
From my dear home—the home of all my life,
Where I have lived, oh! such a happy time!
Aurora's tears are not more like each other
Than the bright ever-blessed maiden hours
That the sun of time has, one by one, dried up.

Once more, as to poetry—why will not the authoress give herself up to the drama of poetry, instead of wasting herself upon the poetry of the drama?—

Err. It is in vain: like the exulting sun,
My light pursues thy wisdom's conquer'd shadows,
And chases them from off my land of hope.
See, thou false prophet—see where the bright morning
sands laughing on the threshold of the east—
Where are the clouds thou saidst did veil the dawn?
Look how the waters mirror back again
The blushing curtains of Aurora's bed.
O fresh and fragrant earth, and glorious skies
All strewn with rosy clouds—sweet dewy breath
Of earliest buds unfolded in the night—
And thou—thou wingest spirit of melody,
Then lark that mountest singing to the sun,
Fair children of the gold-eyed morn, I hail ye!
There dwells not one sad thought within my breast;
'Tis the broad noon-day there of light and love.
The earth rebounds beneath my joyous feet:
I am a spirit—a spirit of hope and joy!

It is impossible to say that the passages we have extracted are not remarkably beautiful,—nay, more, remarkably original;—but they are beautiful as the contemplative creations of the mind of the authoress, revelling in imagination, rather than the utterance of the lover, or than the dialogue of two, even impassioned, creatures devoted to each other. Romeo and Juliet rhapsodized—they did not debate. In the intensest scenes of Othello, he and Iago become monosyllabic. Language becomes concentrated when under the hand of passion.

The underplot is too slight to notice,—it was evidently intended as a mere relief to the tragic parts—and is sometimes out of keeping and misplaced. We must also add, that there are vulgarities in the old writers, and that Mrs. Butler is rash enough "to follow them over that hedge;" but she has genius enough—and sense enough—and years, before her, enough—to compel her errors "to lean to virtue's side."

We have been so gratified by the powers shown in the 'Star of Seville,' that we have not been able to resist writing rather as enthusiasts than as critics. Let the authoress study character, and devote herself to the nice discrimination of it,—and, with her evident powers of imagination and language, she will produce a work which "the world will not willingly let die."

First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan; embracing an Outline of the Voyage to Calcutta, and five Years' Residence in Bengal and the Doab, from 1831 to 1836.
By Thomas Bacon, Lieut. of the Bengal Horse Artillery. 2 vols. W. H. Allen & Co.

THE graphic illustrations of this work are creditable to Mr. Bacon's taste and skill as an artist; we cannot award him so high a meed of praise as an author: a great part of his work is the mere gossip of the mess-table, having no more relation to Hindustan than to any other country where officers have very little to do. But as India is now an open country, and likely to be brought into more familiar contact with the ruling state, both by colonization and increased facilities of intercourse, we shall glean from these volumes a few of the most novel particulars respecting the state of Anglo-Indian and native society. Passing over the accounts of Madras and Calcutta, we shall first take up our author at the far-famed temple of Juggernaut. According to his report, the accounts of the human sacrifices at this polluted shrine have been grossly exaggerated:—

"Since the year 1821, not a single instance of self-immolation has taken place at Juggernaut, and for two or three years previous to that date only

three examples had occurred, one of which was accidental, and the other two victims gladly embraced death as a happy escape from loathsome and intolerable disease. It is scarcely possible to account for the gross misrepresentations which are daily imported into England. Most true it is, that for many miles around the temple, the sides of the roads are whitened with the bones of devotees who have perished by the way-side: for if a Hindu has reason to believe dissolution at hand, he forthwith collects his remaining strength to make the journey towards Juggernaut, and should he fortunately succeed in dragging his diseased carcass within sight of the sacred edifice, he will lie him down in peace, and there die with a perfect confidence of future bliss; and then, again, thousands set out upon the pilgrimage, whose subsistence fails them by the way, and starvation ultimately terminates their wretched existence."

The ornaments on the walls of the temple are still conclusive proof of the obscene rites usual in the Brahminical ceremonies; and the author witnessed some scenes which justify Buchanan's declaration, that the greater part of the ritual is ostentatious indecency.

The Hindus have been too generally stigmatized as cowardly and treacherous. Their character has been formed by centuries of misgovernment; but wherever they have been placed under a just administration, they have been found worthy of confidence. In the arts of deception few nations can compete with them, because few nations have been so long subjected to such varieties of systematic tyranny. One of their most extraordinary tricks is their counterfeit of death—the semblance is sometimes so skilfully assumed, that even medical men have been deceived. When Lieutenant Shakespeare was sent against the Koles in 1832, he found this deceit practised by the defenders of a stockade:—

"On entering the place, there were found a great number of dead men lying about the floors of the huts, carefully wrapt up in *chuddars*, or sheets, as if they had been formally laid out by the retreating party; nothing else worthy of notice was discovered, and leaving a few men with orders to set fire to the place, our party were about to move forward, when Shakespeare fancied that he saw one of the dead men peeping through his eye-lids; he instantly suspected deceit, and knowing by experience how imitatively a native can counterfeit the breathless appearance of death, he in no very delicate manner strode round the place, treading upon the bodies of the supposed dead. *

"Not quite satisfied with this test, Shakespeare called in the assistance of two of the gunners:— 'Here, Sullivan, O'Flaherty, take up these dead bodies, and heave them over the breast-work into the ditch below.' O'Flaherty laid hold of a fine strapping corpse by the shoulders:—'Sure, and please your honour, he's as warrum as a buttered toast, sir; I'm thinkin' he's no rale carkis afther all, Mr. Shakespeare, sir; he's no way stiff then, but as limp as a farden rushlight in August, barrin' he's most as black as ould Nick.' Carkis or no carkis, he was raised to the top of the wall, and launched over without the least ceremony, cracking the dried branches as he went rolling down the bank into the water below, evidently as dead as a stone. 'Sure, then, the gray divel was a rale body, and not shammin' at all, Pat Sullivan, darlin'; and I'd be afther axin' pardon of his black sowl, only I'm not jist perfet in spakin' the Moors.'"

"Just as Lary O'Flaherty concluded his expressions of contrition to the 'black sowl,' the 'rale body' was seen to emerge head and shoulders from the thick green cream upon the surface of the stagnant dike; and casting a look of suspicion and timid intreaty at the wondering Paddies, it dived again below the filthy fluid, as if it had really been the spirit of the Kole, come back to earth to reproach the brother Irishmen with their ill usage of its earthly tabernacle.

"Arrah, by Jasus, then you murthering black baste, and is it me ye're afther starin' at with yer ugly teeth; by the powers if ye show yer—' out popt the head of the fugitant on the opposite side of

the ditch, and having emerged from the water, he was just 'takin' to his scrapers,' when Lary O'Flaherty and Patrick Sullivan each let drive a bullet at him, which brought the poor fellow head over heels once more to the bottom of the ditch, 'this time a body in rale arnest, and no misthake,' as Pat Sullivan said. The rest of the dead men were now successively restored."

A counterfeit corpse is frequently carried round to the English houses in a station, to raise money under the pretence of defraying the funeral expenses; but the practice is beginning to decline since a worthy civilian discovered the resuscitating power of boiling water.

The artifices of the various classes of Hindú thieves have been described by countless writers—here is a proof of their skill:—

"I was sitting, after dinner had been removed, with a brother officer, and, both of us being not a little fatigued with a long day's shooting, our conversation had declined into a sleepy sort of grumble, interrupted only by the continued rattle of our two *hookkas*, as we puffed away at the fragrant pipes. I had just called for, and had been supplied with, a fresh *chillaum*, when I found the tobacco burning and flaring as if the *surpouse*, or cover, had been removed; and turning, I found this was really the case. Quite unsuspecting of the cause, I called again and again for my *hookka-burdar*, or pipe-bearer, and receiving no answer from him, I went outside, and found him lying on the ground with the other servants fast asleep. This somewhat surprised me, as I had so lately been waited upon: I inquired why he had given me a *chillaum* without the *surpouse*, and the man then denied the fact.

"Why, did you not bring me a fresh *chillaum* scarcely five minutes since? Get up, you lazy slave, and bring the *surpouse* immediately."

"Sir, sir," cried the old man, 'behold, my turban and waist-belt are gone; surely a thief has done this! Half an hour since, having served your pipe, I took off these things, lest I should soil them, and lay down to rest until you shall call again. Now, without doubt, a *choor* has carried them off.'"

A nefarious system of horse-poisoning was long practised in the vicinity of Cawnpore:—

"For many years the method of poisoning the horses remained a mystery, and it was generally supposed that the edges of the wells or tanks were besmeared with some poisonous matter, in expectation that one horse out of the many might happen to partake of it. It was, however, remarked that the fattest and sleekest horses invariably fell victims to this insidious evil, and at last the secret was discovered: it proved to be administered in the form of a small pill, cast into the horse's hay while feeding."

The temptation to this crime was the animal's hide; and the practice has diminished since orders were issued that the skins of horses dying on the road should be cut to pieces, and rendered useless.

Lieut. Bacon was a keen sportsman; but he has added little novelty to the countless descriptions of Indian hunting; and he has not interested us in his expeditions against tigers, boars, and wild elephants. We pass his sporting adventures, and leave unexamined the question whether the tiger springs or crawls upon his prey; but we must not neglect the school for monkeys kept by the filthy devotees called Gossains, at Saharunpore:—

"They have taken under their protection and peculiar fosterage an innumerable swarm of monkeys, natives of the place, whom they have tutored into something like discipline. At noon, daily, the officiating Gossain rings a bell, and in an instant all the monkeys within hearing assemble before the temple, where they continue walking to and fro, wrangling, chattering, and playing all kinds of antics, until the priest makes his appearance with an earthen pot full of pulse and corn. The excitement now increases; the whole herd, erect upon their hind legs, squeezing, pushing, and jockeying one another, to get closer to the Gossain, are still careful not to venture beyond the limits marked out for them; or if perchance one of them should so far forget himself,

he is flogged and sent about his business. The Gossein then scatters the food among them, and a scramble ensues, which baffles all description. The screams and squeaks and growls are changed to blows and bites; every hand is busily employed, between the intervals of fighting, in stuffing the pouches with grain, for no time is given for mastication. In an incredibly short space the whole is gobbled up, and the animals disperse at the sound of the bell, unless it be a holiday or fest, in which case fruit is served out to them. This scene may be witnessed by any passenger; the Gosseins do not here, as is usual among their order, affect any secrecy about the matter."

We regret to find that the trade in slave-girls still flourishes in India. Our author, accompanied by a friend, visited the annual fair at Hurdwar:—

"Upon our return to our tents, we found there a man waiting our arrival with a very different sort of merchandise to any we had hitherto seen. He had with him two young girls, whom he had brought down from the Punjab, and these he was anxious to dispose of as slaves; offering the eldest, who was the least comely of the two, and about sixteen years of age, for one hundred and fifty rupees; and the other, who had really some pretensions to beauty, and was younger by about four years, for two hundred. The poor little things, putting their hands before them, in an attitude of supplication, begged earnestly that we would purchase them, declaring that otherwise they should starve, and vowing to be faithful and obedient to us."

Lieutenant Bacon was at Delhi when the unfortunate Nawab Shumash-ud-deen was executed for the murder of Mr. Fraser: he gives us very full particulars of his behaviour after the fatal death-warrant had arrived; the young nobleman seems to have met his fate with great fortitude, and the only thing that moved him was an outrage to his prejudices of caste:—

"When the Nawab arrived at the foot of the gallows, he stepped out of his *palki*, and with an air of dignified indifference, asked Mr. Metcalfe if he should ascend; Mr. Metcalfe bowed, and with a firm step he mounted the ladder, at the top of which he was received by two men, his executioners. With perfect calmness, he at first submitted his neck to have the rope adjusted; but suddenly, from the low *parria* looks of one of the men, he felt that his person was defiled, and for a moment he became apparently agitated. 'What!' said he, 'are you a *mehter*?' with an intonation which it was not difficult to construe into its true meaning—Am I to be polluted by the touch of this foul wretch at the very moment of death? a filthy degraded monster, who could not have stood in my presence formerly!"

We have been disappointed by these volumes; they have not the freshness of First Impressions. The author is destitute of dramatic power, and his reports of conversation are consequently heavy and lifeless; his attempts at levity are anything but light, and his jokes are very serious matters. In his dislike of what he is pleased to call "servile description," he has thrown aside the requisites of faithful portraiture, and lost the advantages that might have been derived from the favourable opportunities he enjoyed.

The Victims of Society. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

This work, not only in its general scope and tendency, but in the artistic manner in which its subject is treated, reminds us of 'Leonora,' one of the least-prized, but most intrinsically valuable, of Miss Edgeworth's novels. The pleasure which we personally receive from studying human nature in the undress of familiar communication between friend and friend, extends itself to the make-believe correspondence, in which fictitious characters unfold themselves, and fancied events are described. It is no light matter to have lengthened descriptions,—the links of story—dressed up

in the pleasant egotism of "I, by myself, I:" that the very hand which shifts the scenes, should, with every motion, display to you some new feature and characteristic of the *dramatis personæ*. What would Sir Charles Grandison be—what Clarissa Harlowe—were the courtlinesses of the one, and the meekly-borne sorrows of the other, told in the third person by the novelist? shades—at best, only substantial looking. As it is, how can we refuse implicitly to believe in the history of all that befell them, seeing that we have it under their own hands?

So much for the *manner* of this novel. For its story, by likening it to 'Leonora,' we shall have prepared the reader for a tale of modern society,—devoted principally to the relations of husband and wife—to English morals *versus* French philosophy—(we use the last words in their conventional and limited sense). The heroine—fair Augusta Vernon—a gentle, delicate, but too impressive being, allows herself to be spirited away from her parents by the flatteries of a showy nobleman, who makes her Countess of Annandale. He is a Meltonian—a Crockfordite—a haunter of those exclusive circles, from before whose doings and maxims Lady Blessington has drawn the veil, *vide* her motto—

'Tis you that say it, not I: you do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

Nothing good could be expected from such an union—and its consequence, the young bride's presentation to the fashionable circles of London. Lady Augusta's evil angel, Miss Montessor, (whose letters, by the way, to and from her Parisian friend, are the most pointed and brilliant portions of the book), takes advantage of her inexperience, to plot, undermine, and destroy her. She contrives to sow disunion between the gay husband, and the wife who has affections not at his disposal—and, having lured Augusta into the confession that the Marquis of Nottingham would have been her chosen partner for life, contrives by the blackest perfidy to sully her really spotless name, with the view of taking her place, and shining as a leader in the gay circles, for which she was too pure and too unsuspicious an inmate. This "devil in garnet," as Win Jenkins would have called her, succeeds in her schemes: Lady Augusta is driven from her husband's house, threatened with a trial, finally, like Hero,

Done to death with slanderous tongues;

and Miss Montessor becomes Countess of Annandale.

So far, this character, though well kept up, is, *un peu fort*: its villany a little too calculating: its philosophy a trifle too fiend-like. But the moral of the sequel almost justifies and redeems the excess of its vice. There re-appears upon the scene, at the moment of Miss Montessor's triumph, the tempter of her youth, the Chevalier de Carency,—then a gay, heartless Lovelace, now an audacious, brutalized Robert Macaire. He has heard of her good fortune, and comes to share it. The horror of his return, at such a juncture, and in such a guise, may be guessed: he extorts money from her, as the price of keeping the secret of her youth;—in short, is the spectre, whose presence at this banquet of her good fortune reminds her of mortality, and tortures her with agonizing self-reproach, at the remembrance of her "sins unwhipped of justice." We shall go no further in the plot, which is wound up with a force hitherto unreached by Lady Blessington: if the interest of the tale be something languid at its commencement, it increases powerfully, and hurries the reader along to the scenes with which the volumes close. We have only spoken of the principal characters: the accessories are many and well-sustained, and their letters full of thought as well as of feeling.

As the structure of the book precludes the admission of elaborately got-up scenes, it is somewhat difficult to find an available extract. The sarcasms on English and French society scattered throughout this correspondence, are best suited to our purpose. Here is a specimen:—

"Sunday after Sunday (but only on this magical day) crowds of our sex may be seen toiling to the Zoological Gardens, to exhibit at once their gay clothes, flirtations, and the proofs of their addiction to the study of natural history, in their accompanying and extensive train of biped animals; who, though far more ridiculous, are infinitely less amusing than those in the surrounding cages.

"Ask them why they frequent this place, Sabbath after Sabbath, having long since exhausted their naive observations on the monkeys, and they will tell you that 'every one comes—there is such a crowd; and that on this day alone the mob—their synonyme for people—cannot get in; and, therefore, they select it. In my simplicity, I ventured to comment on the absurdity of excluding the reputable and intelligent mechanics, and their wives and daughters, from the garden, the only day their avocations allowed them a few hours for recreation.

"I was answered by, 'Fancy how dreadful it would be for us to have such people *nez-a-nez* avec nous at every turn! Oh, it would be insupportable!'

"I cannot fancy," resumed I, "that there could be anything at all insupportable in it; *au contraire*, the seeing new and agreeable faces, and witnessing the enjoyment of those who have fewer sources of pleasure than we possess, would be more animating than encountering the rapid countenances that people have been yawning at every night during the season; and who look as weary at beholding us, as we are at looking at them. It has been said by one of their most remarkable poets—one, too, of their own rank—that the English fashionables are as tired as they are tiresome: but this fact, like the secrets of freemasonry, is attempted to be concealed, lest new votaries should be deterred from entering the lethargic circle."

Here is a peep at the literary men in May-fair. "The exclusive circle is at war with genius and talent, though their vanity often induces them to draw to their dull rots and prosy dinners, those who are considered to possess either of these attributes in an eminent degree. They think 'it looks well' (another favourite phrase) to see among the aristocratic names that are every day announced in the newspapers, as having partaken of their ostentatious hospitalities, those that form the aristocracy of genius; for they imagine themselves modern Mæcenas, who patronise poets and philosophers, from the association with whom they expect to derive distinction.

"For gentle dulness they have a peculiar predilection—from sympathy, I suppose; a fellow-feeling being said to make men wondrous kind.

"A few of the houses with the most pretensions to literary taste have their tame poets and *petits littérateurs*, who run about as docile, and more parasitical, than lap-dogs; and, like them, are equally well-fed, ay, and certainly equally spoiled. The dull *plaisanteries*, thrice-told anecdotes, and *résumés* of the scandal of each week, served up *à réchauffés* by these pigmies of literature, are received most graciously by their patrons, who agree in opinion with the French writer,—

Nul n'aura de l'esprit
Hors nous et nos amis."

Lady Blessington is as open and fearless in her dissection of *la jeune France* as of fashionable London.

View of the Principal Events in Russia, &c.—Obzor glavnysheekh proisshestviw w Rossyi, &c.] By Alexander Weydemeyer. St. Petersburg. 3 vols.

This is the work to which we alluded in our notice of Von Raumer's Frederick II., as containing the only account we have yet seen of the subsequent fortune of the Brunswick family, after the deposition of Iwan III. It includes the history of Russia from the death of Peter the Great in 1725, to the accession of his daughter Elizabeth.

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ter Elizabeth in 1741. It abounds with interesting events and incidents, and exhibits a curious and not uninteresting picture of the struggle we so lately described, as then going on between the ancient barbarism of Muscovy, and the civilization engrafted on it by Peter the Great. But we mean to confine ourselves to the fate and fortunes of the Brunswick family.

Our readers will no doubt remember, (*Athenæum*, No. 490) that Iwan III., then only two months old, succeeded Elizabeth as Czar in 1740; his mother, the Princess Ann of Brunswick, being soon after declared Regent. From the first, her husband Ulric, Prince of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, appears to have entertained suspicions of the designs of the Princess Elizabeth, younger daughter of Peter the Great; but the Regent, who was somewhat jealous of her authority, and of an easy amiable temper, was not to be won over to that opinion, and, in defiance of some open manifestations, and many imprudent words dropped by Lestocq, she continued to treat Elizabeth with great kindness, and to disregard all reports to her prejudice; at length she received a letter from Breslau in Silesia, containing full particulars of the conspiracy. The infatuated woman kept even this secret for some days, and at last showed it to Elizabeth herself, who solemnly protested her innocence, shed an abundance of tears, and persuaded the amiable Regent that it was mere calumny. This was on the 23rd of November, 1741. The very next day Lestocq presented his mistress with a card, on one side of which she was represented crowned, and on the other veiled, surrounded with instruments of torture: "Make your choice, madam," said Lestocq, "either a crown or a nunnery." It was forthwith resolved to make the attempt to depose the young sovereign, and that very night he was deposed: and thus ended the reign of the Brunswick dynasty in Russia.

Of the subsequent fate of that illustrious family, it is now our intention to speak; it appears to us unparalleled in the annals of Europe.

For the first eighteen months they were all confined together in the fortress of Riga, and it is said were exposed to much suffering, and often wanted even the common necessities of life—a situation rendered still more painful by the illness of the princess, who miscarried after four months of imprisonment. The gloom of their situation was cheered for a short time, by a report that they were about to be sent to Germany. It was however proposed to her as a preliminary condition, that she should by a formal act resign her claims to the throne. This she refused to do, and her firmness probably decided her fate, as it gave rise to the suspicion that she entertained some hopes of restoring the lost fortunes of her family. From Riga they were transferred to the fortress of Dunamunde, and lost on their passage the greater part of their effects, being robbed by the very persons who guarded them. Here they were at least provided with the necessary comforts, though exposed to the brutal insolence of their guards; and here the princess was confined of a daughter, who received the name of Catherine. She appears to have supported her misfortune with courage and calmness, but her husband, whose mind was of an inferior order, frequently upbraided her for having concealed from him the information she had received from abroad of Elizabeth's machinations, and with the melancholy situation into which her easy confidence had reduced her family. From Dunamunde they were transferred to Ranienburg, a town in the government of Rezan. There Baron Korf, the officer under whose surveillance they were placed, did everything in his power to soothe their unhappy position, but this noble-minded man was soon replaced by another. At Ranienburg the princess was separated from her

son Iwan, the infant monarch, and transferred with the rest of her family to Cholmogori, a little town situated on an island of the Dwina, about 50 English miles to the south of Archangel.

The lot of the infant monarch was still more melancholy. After his separation from his parents, a monk attempted to fly with him from the country, but they were overtaken near Smolensk. The fate of the monk is unknown; it may however be easily imagined; but the young Emperor was shut up in the fortress of Schlus-selburg, where he remained till his death. He was kept there in a prison, the windows of which were always closed, so that the light of day never penetrated into that gloomy abode. The poor prisoner was perfectly ignorant of the changes of time and season; he knew not even when it was day or night. He remained wholly uneducated, and his mind was shattered by constant seclusion. As he could never breathe the free wholesome air, his body became delicate, his beard grew prematurely, and to comb it was his only amusement. It is here said that the Empress Elizabeth twice ordered him to be brought to her in a close carriage to Petersburg, where she saw and conversed with him, and it was only on those occasions that he had an opportunity of seeing daylight.

We suspect, however, that he was only once seen by Elizabeth, and once, immediately after her death, by her successor Peter, as we find both these interviews referred to by the Ambassadors, but no other; of the first, Du Swart,† the Dutch Ambassador, thus writes:—

"At the commencement of last winter Iwan III. was brought to Schlus-selberg, and afterwards to St. Petersburg, where he was placed in a good house belonging to the widow of a secretary of the secret police (inquisition secrète); he is closely watched: the empress had him brought to the winter palace, and saw him. She was dressed in man's clothes. It is doubted whether the great duke and the great duchess will ascend the throne, or Iwan; or whether Schuwloff, who has acquired great power and immense wealth, is working for himself."

In 1762 Keith, the English Ambassador, observes:—

"The empress has little influence; nay, it is now generally known that she is not only not consulted on matters of business, but that even in private affairs it is not the readiest way of succeeding to make one's addresses to her majesty."

Peter, it appears, on this occasion repaired with great secrecy to Schlus-selburg, accompanied by one or two confidential persons, amongst whom was General Baron Korf. The Emperor, dressed as a simple officer, entered with the above-mentioned suite the prisoner's dwelling. He found the apartment in an orderly state, provided with simple furniture, and the prisoner dressed in plain clothes, and remarkably clean. His conversation, however, clearly proved, that he was now deranged. Sometimes he said that he was the Emperor Iwan, and at others that the Emperor was dead, and that his soul had passed into his own body. Some of his answers, however, were pertinent enough—to the question—"Who are you?" he replied, "I am the Czar Iwan!" When asked how he knew that, he said that he was informed so by his parents, and by the soldiers who guarded him. When further questioned as to what he knew about his parents, he said that he remembered them, and bitterly complained of the Empress Elizabeth, who, he said, had used him and his parents very ill. He also said, that he remembered the officer, in whose custody his parents remained for two or three years, was very kind to them. When asked whether he knew that officer? he said "No, but I remember that his name was Korf." This deeply affected General Korf, for he was the

officer to whom the unfortunate youth alluded.* Peter, who, as we have heretofore acknowledged, with all his vices was a very humane man, ordered a small and separate house to be built for the illustrious prisoner, and that every attention should be paid to his comfort. The Empress Catherine also saw him once, but the particulars of that interview remain unknown. It is well known, that when Mirovich made an attempt to liberate this ill-fated prince, and to proclaim him as the lawful sovereign, he was murdered by the officers who had charge of him.

We have before traced the fortunes of his family to Cholmogori, where the princess in 1745 again gave birth to a son, who received the name of Peter, and in 1746 a second, who was called Alexis; she died in consequence of that last confinement.

Here the family resided in a house which had formerly belonged to the bishop. It was separated from the cathedral by a high brick wall, and inclosed on all sides by high palings. There was on one side of the premises a barrack, for the soldiers composing the prisoner's guard, under the command of a Lieut.-Colonel, and three commissioned officers; a second detachment under the command of a Lieutenant, was quartered in the house itself, and all communication between these detachments was strictly prohibited. There was a small garden attached to the house, with which the apartments of the prisoners communicated by a staircase, and to which they had free access, and though it contained nothing but some few birch trees, fern, and nettles, it was a great source of enjoyment to the poor prisoners, during the time it was not covered with snow, which was but short in a place lying almost within the arctic circle. They were also sometimes permitted to drive for a short distance in an old coach, to which six horses were always harnessed; but the duties of coachman, outrider, and footman, were performed by the soldiers. They saw no one except their servants and guards. They had no books except a few religious works. Their sole amusement was cards, and the only information which the children could obtain; was such as their father could verbally give them. They could not receive even the attendance of a physician, without permission from the governor of the province, who lived at Archangel, distant about fifty English miles, and who was obliged to go in person, and attend the physician to the prisoners.

Such was the fate of Prince Anthony Ulric, brother to the reigning Duke of Brunswick, a relation of the royal house of England, first cousin of the Empress Maria Theresa, and brother to the Queen of Denmark.

If the arbitrary detention of a princely family may be excused on the ground of state policy, and the danger to which the tranquillity of the empire might have been exposed by their liberation, there can be none, we think, for the harsh and neglectful treatment to which they were subjected. If necessity required the sacrifice of this family to the repose of millions, every consideration of honour and humanity imposed it as an imperative duty on the triumphant party to alleviate, as much as possible, the hard fate of those innocent victims.

More than twenty years had passed from the time of their first imprisonment, when Catherine II. dispatched General Bibicoff to Cholmogori, with a proposal to release the Prince from confinement, and to conduct him to Germany with the honours due to his high station, on condition that he should leave his children in Russia. Bibicoff was commissioned, at the same time, to observe the dispositions and abilities of the children: but the Prince positively

† Raumer's Frederick II. p. 343.
‡ Ibid, p. 386.

* The circumstances of this visit were communicated by Baron Korf himself to Bushing.

refused to separate himself from his family, which was now increased by some natural children. On his return to Petersburg Bibicoff spoke with great earnestness of the fallen family, and dwelt particularly on the amiable disposition and natural abilities of Princess Catherine; but the cold reception which his animated relation met with from the Empress, convinced him that his zeal was by no means welcome.

Years rolled on, and the prisoners still continued in the same hopeless confinement, and without other improvement of their situation. At length, in 1776, the Prince died, in the 62nd year of his age, of which 35 were spent in prison. The situation of his orphan children was rendered still more melancholy by his death, and they suffered greatly from the uncontrolled brutality of their wardens, till, in 1779, heaven sent to their assistance an unexpected benefactor. The Privy Councillor Melgoonoff having been dispatched by the Empress to the government of Archangel, arrived at Cholmogori, where he learned the wretched situation of this princely family. By his advice, the Princess Elizabeth wrote a letter to the Empress, wherein she described, in a very affecting manner, their unhappy fate. Melgoonoff presented this letter, and pleaded so strongly in their favour, that Catherine resolved at last to liberate them, and to send them to Denmark—a measure which had been already urged upon her by the courts of Copenhagen, Berlin, and Brunswick. The necessary arrangements with Denmark were soon concluded, and Melgoonoff had the satisfaction to announce to the captives that they were free, and that a large sum of money was assigned to their use, to provide them with everything suitable to their high station. Melgoonoff hastened to Cholmogori to inform the family that a frigate was ready at Archangel to transport them to Norway. When they were first apprised of this they were terrified at the idea of going to an unknown country, and requested to be allowed to remain at Cholmogori, and to end their days there, only with liberty. But when Melgoonoff presented to them all the splendid things which he had brought for them,—rich dresses, furs, jewels, and other costly objects,—assuring them, at the same time, that they were going to join their aunt, the Dowager Queen of Denmark, they were so affected, that, in a transport of joy, they fell on their knees before Melgoonoff, to express to him their gratitude. From Archangel they were transported to Bergen, in Norway. Here the natural children of the Prince were separated from the legitimate, to the great regret of the latter, and returned to Russia. The princes and princesses embarked again at Bergen, on board of a Danish man-of-war, and were landed at Aalborg, whence they reached the town of Horsens, in Jutland, which was destined for their residence.

This interesting family occupied, at Horsens, a comfortable house, situated on the esplanade of the town, with a Greek chapel attached, where a Russian priest performed divine service every day. They had a small court, consisting of a chamberlain, two ladies of honour, a physician, a steward, two grooms of the chamber, and a sufficient number of servants. The pension which they received from the Russian court enabled them to have all the necessary comforts, and even luxuries of life; but their mode of living was quiet and uniform—the best suited, perhaps, to persons who, like them, were born in a prison, and had spent nearly forty years of their lives there! It must be remembered, too, that their neglected education rendered them unfit to mix in a society becoming their high station.

Notwithstanding the favourable change in

their situation, the Princess Elizabeth so regretted the separation from her natural sisters, that her health was seriously impaired by it, and she died of a rapid decline two years after her arrival in Denmark. Prince Alexis also died in 1787; he had become such a general favourite, that the whole town lamented him. The whole family, indeed, seem to have derived wisdom and virtue from their long and severe misfortunes—they are all remembered for their high principles and most amiable dispositions. They lived in exemplary union amongst themselves, but perhaps the one specially beloved was the Princess Catherine, who died so late as 1807, and whose memory is still revered by the inhabitants of Horsens. They were all buried in that town, and a plain monument of black marble marks the spot where repose the bones of these innocent victims of a cold-hearted and inhumane state policy.

The Clockmaker; or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville. Bentley.

This is a *Down Eastern* book with a vengeance. Every American extravagance—every distortion of the English language—every Yankee vulgarity that memory could suggest, or invention muster up, has been pressed into the service of Mr. Samuel Slick, the clock pedlar. The work was originally published in 'The Nova Scotian' newspaper, and its popularity has led to its republication here. We do not however think, rich as some of the stuff is, that so huge a mass of slang, slyness, and bitter bad words, will be relished by the ordinary palates of readers on this side the Atlantic.

Mr. Slick is a gentleman who goes the circuit for the purpose of seducing people into the purchase of clocks, and the book is made up of his comments upon his own country, and upon human nature in general. With a good deal of iteration, and consequently of tediousness, there is very considerable humour running through the pages, and a strong under-current of good sense. We shall no longer detain the reader from an introduction to Mr. Slick himself. And first as to his notion of his own countrymen:—

"No, I believe we may stump the Universe; we improve on every thing, and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by and large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind, and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the back bone, you may depend. Its generally allowed there aint the beat of them to be found anywhere. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a wasel. Though I say it, that shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation—they are actilly equal to cash."

The following is a specimen of an American courtship:—

"This must be an everlastin fine country beyond all doubt, for the folke have nothin to do but to ride about and talk politics. In winter, when the ground is covered with snow, what grand times they have a slayin over these here mashies with the gulls, or playin ball on the ice, or goin to quiltn frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a drivin home like mad, by moonlight. Natur meant that season on purpose for courtin. A little tidy scrumptious lookin slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of inions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at gatharin time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin right into you, and the other talkin right at you—is e'en amost enough to drive one ravin, tarin, distracted mad with pleasure, aint it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din there's no hearin one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to your face, and talk, talk, till one can't help looking right at them instead of the horse, and then whap you both go capsized into a snow drift together, skins, cushions,

and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landin from a pond, a chatterin away all the time like a Canary bird, and you a haw-havin with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. In this way blue-nose gets led on to offer himself as a lover, afore he knows where he been."

Mr. Slick's notion of a woman's heart, and his anecdote of a broken one, must not be passed over.

"When I see a child, said the Clockmaker, I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.

"You seem, said I, to understand the female heart so well, I make no doubt you are a general favourite among the fair sex. Any man, he replied, that understands horses, has a pretty considerable firm knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blues.

"People talk an everlastin sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you, there aint one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, Oh, such a man is an ugly grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart; jist as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is jist like a new India Rubber Shoe; you may pull and pull at it, till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

"I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in tother sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a tow boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur of a man; you could'n't falt him in no particular; he was so jist a made critter; folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say there goes Washington Banks, heant he lovely? I do believe there wasn't a gall in the Lowell factories, that warnt in love with him."

"Well, when I last sec'd him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defeshed, a mere walkin skeleton. I am dreadful sorry, says I, to see you, Banks, lookin so pecked; why you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you? I am dyin, says he, of a broken heart. What, says I, have the galls been jiltin you? No, no, says he, I heant such a fool as that neither. Well, says I, have you made a head of speculation? No, says he, shakin his head, I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that. What under the sun, is it, then? said I. Why, says he, I made a bet the fore part of summer with Lieftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I was my bet, but the Anchor was so eternal heavy it broke my heart. Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heerd tell of a broken heart."

Here again is an amusing passage written in a true controversial spirit:—

"Says I, Father John, give me your hand; there are some things, I guess, you and I don't agree on, and most likely never will, seetin that you are a Popish priest; but in that idee, I do opioniate with you, and I wish, with all my heart, all the world thought with us.

"I guess he didn't half like that are word Popish priest; it seemed to grig him like; his face looked kinder ryled, like well water arter a heavy rain; and said he, Mr. Slick, says he, your country is a free country, aint it? The freest, says I, on the face of the airth—you can't 'ditto' it nowhere. We are as free as the air, and 'thor our dower, we are stronger than any hurricane you ever sec'd—tear up all creation most; there aint the beat of it to be found anywhere. Do you call this a free country? said he. Pretty considerable middlin, says I, seetin that they are under a king. Well, says he, if you were seen in Connecticut a shakin hands along with a Popish priest, as you are pleased to call me, (and he made

me a bow, as next deay along with your freedom in that State me good mo says I.—I critter's fami a sick visit is says I, one name Popish pardon; I d and I'll say first man in right down c is it, I'll be "Yes, said antagonizing whole raft of the folks, ea At it agin, s it into him, a fourth. makes my h ters do that a book in fi writin agin your oppon se'd a conv you what I doubtin by enemies, ca your own c We had ment of e afford spall and shall appear to "The la galls sing the such singer long chalk clear out o "He loo plaguy sigh "Politici a man's h knife with "Judge him,—he's factory gals mitted with set a flam among my "No mo believe that night, arte The fol more coun "Oh, sa folks had some on 'e it, says blu helge; and he would i After that mortgaged a strong f features, t knob' was doors bro down—mo weedy—n no stock— ploughed had comm —gittin n Flittin n Preparin we came both side out, beyo If ou reliah w to the w

me a bow, as much as to say, mind your trumps the next deal) as you now are in the streets of Halifax along with me, with all your crackin and boatin of your freedom, I guess, you wouldn't sell a clock agin in that State for one while, I tell you—and he bid me good mornin and turned away. Father John! says I.—I can't stop, says he; I must see that poor critter's family; they must be in great trouble, and a sick visit is afore controversy in my creed. Well, says I, one word with you afore you go; if that are name Popish priest was an ongenteele one, I ax your pardon; I didn't mean no offence, I do assure you, and I'll say this for your satisfaction, tu, you're the first man in this Province that ever gave me a real right down complete checkmate since I first sot foot in it. I'll be skinned if you aint.

"Yes, said Mr. Slick, Father John was right; these antagonizing chaps ought to be well quilted, the whole raft of 'em. It fairly makes me sick to see the folks, each on 'em a backin up of their own man. At it agin, says one; fair play, says another; stick it into him, says a third; and that's your sort, says a fourth. There are the folks who do mischief.—It makes my hair stand right up an end to see ministers do that are. It appears to me that I could write a book in favour of myself and my notions, without writin agin any one, and if I couldn't I wouldn't write at all, I snore. * * * Writin only aggravates your opponents, and never convinces them. I never see'd a convert made by that way yet; but I'll tell you what I have see'd, a man set his own flock a doubtin by his own writin. You may happify your enemies, cantankerate your opponents, and injure your own cause by it, but I defy you to sarve it."

We had marked a pretty considerable assortment of extravagant sentences, but we cannot afford space for half the number so selected; and shall therefore endeavour to take those which appear to us to be the most outrageous.

"The last time I was in Rhode Island, (all the galls sing there, and it's generally allowed there's no such singers anywhere; they beat the *Eye*-talians in long chalk—they sing so high some on 'em, they go clear out o' hearin sometimes, like a lark). * *

"He looked jist like a man that finds whistlin a plaguy sight easier than thinkin. * *

"Politics take a great deal of time, and grinds away a man's honesty near about as fast as cleaning a knife with brick dust, 'it takes its steel out.' * *

"Judge Beeler, I dare say you have heard tell of him—he's a funny feller—he put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, 'no cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls'; for, said he, the one will set a flame agoin among my cottons, and t'other among my galls. * *

"No mortal soul can live in Nova Scotia. I do believe that our country was made of a Saturday night, arter all the rest of the Universe was finished."

The following is a vivid picture, and will suit more countries than one:—

"Oh, said I, I understand now, my man, these folks had too many irons in the fire, you see, and some on 'em have got burnt. I never heard tell of it, says blue-nose; they might, but not to my knowledge; and he scratched his head, and looked as if he would ask the meanin of it, but didn't like too. Arter that I axed no more questions; I knew a mortgaged farm as far as I could see it. There was a strong family likeness in 'em all—the same ugly features, the same cast o' countenance. The 'black knob' was discernible—there was no mistake—barn doors broken off—fences burnt up—glass out of windows—more white crops than green—and both lookin weedy—no wood pile, no scarce garden, no compost, no stock—moss in the mowin lands, thistles in the ploughed lands, and neglect everywhere—skinnin had commenced—taken all out and puttin nothin in—gittin ready for a move, so as to leave nothin behind. Flittin time had come. Foregatherin, for foreclosen. Preparin to curse and quit.—That beautiful river we came up to-day, what superfine farms it has on both sides of it, hante it? it's a sight to behold. Our folks have no notion of such a country so far down east, beyond creation most, as Nova Scotia is."

If our readers hunger after more, from the relish we have given them, we must refer them to the work itself. We are free to confess that

we have surfeited ourselves with Americanisms, and must take a paper out of the *Spectator*, or a purifying page out of Oliver Goldsmith, to bring our taste into a wholesome state again.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Highland Rambles and Long Legends to shorten the Way, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart.—At this time of the year, when, straitened for room and stinted in time, the perplexed weekly critic hardly knows how best to dispose of the books which come before him "thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa,"—how best to apportion his hours, two volumes packed full of legend and romance, which compel us to read them steadily from title-page to *finis*, are more likely to be welcome to the public than to ourselves. Such a pair are these 'Highland Rambles'; full of legend, full of adventure, full of interest: and the legend, and the adventure, and the interest precisely those which are most welcome now—us carrying us far away from the noisy, crowded world we are living in, to the fastnesses of nature—the moors and wastes, and the glassy lochs, and the stern mountains of the far North. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has the advantage of knowing by heart every inch of the scenery he describes—of having lived for years, surrounded with the stalwart, picturesquely-clad people, whom the spirit of their "land of the mountain and the flood" has impressed with characteristics hardly less striking. He possesses, too, a clear and flowing style; can paint well with words, and arrange dialogue not ungracefully. To be brief, we like his book much; the 'Burning of Macfarlane's forest'—the story of Invershie and his fair fanciful wife, doomed by superstition to an untimely fate—and the fearful tale of the trials of Christy Ross—are things to be read and trembled at by the side of the Christmas fire on either side of the Tweed.

Semilasso in Africa.—Mr. Bentley has, we think, judged rightly that a translation of the last work of the gossiping, travelling Prince Pückler Muskau would be interesting to the public; and the sincerity of our opinion is proved by our having noticed it at some length on its first appearance in Germany. We have nothing to add to our former translations except a short passage relating to ourselves.—"I found in Sfax (the Prince writes) some French newspapers of a tolerably recent date, from which I learned something of the current events of Europe; I also found the English *Athenæum*, wherein, singularly enough, I read, here in Africa, the first review, and that in *English*, of my German book with an *Italian* title."

—Sfax is some sixty miles from Tunis. We mention this, for though the *Athenæum*, it appears, is to be met with even in that remote corner of Africa, the place itself is not to be found in many maps. We may add this fact to the letter of the French Consul in Albania (see *Athenæum*, 1836, p. 224), who also first read an account of the travels of his celebrated countrymen MM. Michaud and Poujoulat, in this Journal, as a flattering proof of the extending influences of English periodical literature.

Statistics of Popular Education in Bristol.—This is the substance of a communication made to the Statistical Section of the British Association by its secretary, Mr. Fripp. Though a few of the returns are imperfect, as must necessarily be the case when the task of collecting materials is left to individual exertion, the rest have been prepared with great care, and the result gives a pretty accurate view of the state of education in Bristol. Mr. Fripp has not given us any materials for estimating the quality of the instruction supplied in the different schools, but we trust that the Statistical Society of Bristol will direct its attention to this very important matter; the number of persons attending schools is by itself no criterion; unless we know the character of the teachers and the nature of the tuition.

Second Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners.—We noticed the first Report at some length, and can therefore only say that the present is equally full of important and interesting matter. We are indeed of opinion that the Poor Law Bill itself will do more to raise the moral character of the labouring population than any or all the endeavours of all the philanthropists that have existed since the creation; and we sincerely believe that, on the whole, it has been wisely and judiciously carried into execution. Much

misery has no doubt been consequent on the great change, but that is attributable to the old and not to the new Law.

Reinhardt's Terence.—The notes to this edition have been compiled from a variety of sources by Dr. Hickie; they are well selected, and contain nearly all the information that a student of Terence can require.

List of New Books.—*Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles*, G.-nt., 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. cl.—*The Rector of Auburn*, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. 6d. cl.—*Herbert's Amariyllidaceæ*, a Treatise on Bulbous Roots, roy. 8vo. 48 plates, plain 25s.; col. 38s. cl.—*Evenings with Prince Cambrésis*, Second Consul, by Baron Langens. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds.—*The Victims of Society*, by Lady Blessington, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*The Pirate of the Gulf, or Lafitte*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—*Woodland Gleaning*, with 64 plates, f. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Melville's Sermons at Cambridge*, in February 1837, 2nd edit. 8vo. 5s. bds.—*Corboux's Pearls of the East, or Gems from Lalla Rookh*, fol. plain, 31s. 6d.; col. 52s. 6d. cl.—*The Dreadful Requisition*, by the Rev. Charles Stovel, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Leverett's Lexicon of the Latin Language*, roy. 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—*Templeton's Millwright and Engineer's Pocket Companion*, 4th edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—*The Star of Seville: a Drama*, by Mrs. Butler, 8vo. 5s. 6d. swd.—*Stewart on the Principles of the Law of Real Property*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Abercrombie on the Diseases of the Stomach*, 3rd edit. f. 6s. bds.—*Shaw's Medical Remembrancer*, 32mo. 2s. 6d. swd.—*Paul's Practical Observations on Piles, &c.*, 8vo. 5s. swd.—*Pratt's General Turnpike Road Acts*, f. 7s. bds.—*Clark's Abstract of the Highway Act*, 3rd edit. 12mo. 2s. cl.—*Memoir of Leigh Richmond, 9th edit.* f. 6s. cl.—*Gammoun's 'Christ a Christian's Life'*, by the Rev. Joseph Irons, 8th edit. 18mo. 3s. cl.—*Mamma's Bible Stories*, 3rd edit. 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Williams's Euclid*, 5th edit. 18mo. 6s. 6d. cl.; 7s. bd.—*History of Christ's Hospital, with a List of the Governors, corrected to 25th March*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Tate's Commercial Arithmetic*, 3rd edit. 12mo 2s. 6d.; with Appendix, 4s. 6d. bd.—*Appendix to Tate's Commercial Arithmetic*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—*The Miracles of Christ*, by B. H. Draper, 1st and 2nd series, 2s. each, hf. bd.—*The Man of Sorrows*, by C. D. Sillery, 2nd edit. 18mo. 2s. cl.—*Walker's British Atlas*, imp. 4to. cl. 63s.; large drawing paper, full col. 84s. hf. bd.—*Abbott's Every Day Duty*, 32mo. 1s. cl.

Ap 15 '37 ORIGINAL PAPERS

COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

My dear Sir,—I have read with much satisfaction the occasional exposures in your Journal of the glorious uncertainty of the Law of Copyright, and your repeated calls for its revision. It is high time, indeed, that some better system should be established; and I cannot but regret that the legislature of our own country, which patronizes the great cause of liberty all over the world, has not taken the lead in protecting the common rights of Literature. We have a national interest in each; and their lots ought not to be cast asunder. The French, Prussian, and American governments, however, have already got the start of us, and are concerting measures for suppressing those piracies, which have become, like the influenza, so alarmingly prevalent. It would appear, from the facts established, that an English book merely transpires in London; but is published in Paris, Brussels, or New York.

'Tis but to sail, and with to-morrow's sun
The Pirates will be bound.—

Mr. Bulwer tells us of a literary gentleman, who felt himself under the necessity of occasionally going abroad to preserve his self-respect; and without some change, an author will equally be obliged to repair to another country to enjoy his circulation. As to the American reprints, I can personally corroborate your assertion, that heretofore a transatlantic bookseller "has taken 500 copies of a single work," whereas he now orders none, or merely a solitary one, to set up from. This, I hope, is a matter as important as the little question of etiquette, which, according to Mr. Cooper, the fifty millions will have to adjust. Before, however, any international arrangements be entered into, it seems only consistent with common sense that we should begin at home, and first establish what copyright is in Britain, and provide for its protection from native pirates or Book-aneers. I have learned, therefore, with pleasure, that the state of the law is to be brought under the notice of Parliament by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, who, from his legal experience and literary tastes, is so well qualified for the task. The grievances of authors have neither been loudly nor often urged on Lords or Commons; but their claims have long been lying on the library table, if not on the table of the House,

—and methinks their wrongs have only to be properly stated to obtain redress. I augur for them at least a good hearing, for such seldom and low-toned appeals ought to find their way to organs as “deaf to clamour,” as the old citizen of Cheapside, who said that “the more noise there was in the street, the more he didn’t hear it.” In the meantime, as an author myself, as well as proprietor of copyrights in “a small way,” I make bold to offer my own feelings and opinions on the subject; with some illustrations from what, although not a decidedly serious writer, I will call my experiences. And here I may appropriately plead my apology for taking on myself the cause of a fraternity of which I am so humble a member; but, in truth, this very position, which forbids vanity on my own account, favours my pride on that of others, and thus enables me to speak more becomingly of the deserts of my brethren, and the dignity of the craft. Like P. P. the Clerk of the Parish, who with a proper reverence for his calling, confessed an elevation of mind in only considering himself as “a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron,” I own to an inward exultation at being but a Precentor, as it were, in that worship, which numbers Shakespeare and Milton amongst its priests. Moreover, now that the rank of authors, and the nature and value of literary property, are about to be discussed, and I hope established for ever, it becomes the duty of every literary man—as much as of a Peer when his Order is in question—to assert his station, and stand up manfully for the rights, honours, and privileges of the Profession to which he belongs. The question is not a mere sordid one—it is not a simple inquiry in what way the emoluments of literature may be best secured to the author or proprietors of a work; on the contrary, it involves a principle of grave importance, not only to literary men, but to those who love letters—and, I will presume to say, to society at large. It has a moral as well as commercial bearing; for the Legislature will not only have to decide *directly*, by a formal act, whether the literary interest is worthy of a place beside the shipping interest, the landed interest, the funded interest, the manufacturing, and other public interests, but also it will have *indirectly* to determine whether literary men belong to the privileged class—the higher, lower, or middle class—the working class—productive or unproductive class—or, in short, to any class at all. “Literary men,” says Mr. Bulwer, “have not with us any fixed and settled position as men of letters.” We have, like Mr. Cooper’s American lady, no precedence. We are, in fact, nobodies. Our place, in turf language, is nowhere. Like certain birds and beasts of difficult classification, we go without any at all. We have no more caste than the Pariahs. We are on a par—according as we are scientific, theologian, imaginative, dramatic, poetic, historic, instructive, or amusing—with quack doctors, street-preachers, strollers, ballad-singers, hawkers of last dying speeches, Punch-and-Judies, conjurors, tumblers, and other “diverting vagabonds.” We are as the Jews in the East, the Africans in the West, or the gypsies anywhere. We belong to those to whom nothing can belong. I have even misgivings—heaven help us—if an author have a parish! I have serious doubts if a work be a qualification for the workhouse! The law apparently cannot forget, or forgive, that Homer was a vagrant, Shakespeare a deer-stealer, Milton a rebel. Our very cracks tell against us in the statute,—Poor Stoneblind, Bill the Poacher, and Radical Jack have been the ruin of our gang. We have neither character to lose nor property to protect. We are by law—outlaws, undeserving of civil rights. We may be robbed, libelled, outraged with impunity:—being at the same time liable, for such offences, to all the rigour of the code. I will not adduce, as I could do, a long catalogue of the victims of this system which seems to have been drawn up by the “Lord of Misrule,” and sanctioned by the “Abbot of Unreason.” I will select, as Sterne took his captive, a single author. To add to the parallel, behold him in a prison! He is sentenced to remain there during the monarch’s pleasure, to stand three times in the pillory, and to be amerced besides in the heavy sum of two hundred marks. The sufferer of this threefold punishment is one rather deserving of a triple crown, as a man, as an author, and as an

* At a guess, I should say we were classed, in opposition to a certain literary sect, as *Isautilitarians*.

example of that rare commercial integrity which does not feel discharged of its debts, though creditors have accepted a composition, till it has paid them in full. It is a literary offence—a libel, or presumed libel, which has incurred the severity of the law; but the same power that oppresses him, refuses or neglects to support him in the protection of his literary character and his literary rights. His just fame is depreciated by public slanderers, and his honest, honourable earnings are forestalled by pirates. Of one of his performances no less than twelve surreptitious editions are printed, and 80,000 copies are disposed of at a cheap rate in the streets of London. I am writing no fiction, though of one of fiction’s greatest masters. That captive is—for he can never die—that captive author is Scott’s, Johnson’s, Blair’s, Marmontel’s, Lamb’s, Chalmers’s, Beattie’s—good witnesses to character these!—every Englishman’s, Britain’s, America’s, Germany’s, France’s, Spain’s, Italy’s, Arabia’s—all the world’s DANIEL DE FOE!

Since the age of the author of Robinson Crusoe, the law has doubtless altered in complexion, but not in character, towards his race. It no longer pillories an author who writes to the distaste, or like poor Daniel, above the comprehension of the Powers that be, because it no longer pillories any one—but the imprisonment and the fines remain in force. The title of a book is, in legal phrase, the worst title there is. Literary property is the lowest in the market. It is declared by law worth only so many years purchase, after which the private right becomes common; and in the meantime, the estate being notoriously infested with poachers, is as remarkably unprotected by game laws. An author’s winged thoughts, though laid, hatched, bred, and fed within his own domain, are less his property, than is the bird of passage that of the lord of the manor, on whose soil it may happen to alight. An author cannot employ an armed keeper to protect his preserves; he cannot apply to a pindar to arrest the animals that trespass on his grounds,—nay, he cannot even call in a common constable to protect his purse on the King’s highway! I have had thoughts myself of seeking the aid of a policeman, but counsel, learned in the law, have dissuaded me from such a course; there was no way of defending myself from the petty thief but by picking my own pocket! Thus I have been compelled to see my own name attached to catchpenny works, none of mine, hawked about by placard-men in the street; I, who detest the puffing system, have apparently been guilty of the gross forwardness of walking the pavement by proxy for admirers, like the dog Bashaw! I have been made, nominally, to ply at stage-coach windows with my wares, like Isaac Jacobs with his cheap pencils, and Jacob Isaacs with his cheap penknives, to cut them with—and without redress, for, whether I had placed myself in the hands of the law, or taken the law in my own hands, as any bumpkin in a barn knows, there is nothing to be thrashed out of a man of straw. Now, with all humility, if my poor name be any recommendation of a book, I conceive I am entitled to reserve it for my own benefit. What says the proverb?—“When your name is up you may lie a-bed”; but what says the law?—at least, if the owner of the name be an author. Why, that any one may steal his bed from under him and sell it; that is to say, his reputation, and the revenue which it may bring. In the meantime, for other street frauds there is a summary process: the vender of a flash watch, or a razor made to sell, though he appropriates no maker’s name, is seized without ceremony by A 1, carried before B 2, and committed to C 3, as regularly as a child goes through its alphabet and numeration. They have defrauded the public, forsooth, and the public has its prompt remedy; but for the literary man, thus doubly robbed, of his money and his reputation, what is his redress but by injunction, or action against walking shadows,—a truly homeopathic remedy, which pretends to cure by aggravating the disease. I have thus shown how an author may be robbed; for if the works thus offered at an unusually low price be genuine, they must have been dishonestly obtained,—the brooms were stolen ready made; if, on the contrary, they be counterfeit, I apprehend there will be little difficulty in showing how an author may be practically libelled with equal impunity. For anything I know, the Peripatetic Philosophy ascribed to me by the above itinerants, might be heretical, damnable, libellous,

vicious, or obscene; whilst, for anything they knew to the contrary, the purchasers must have held me responsible for the contents of the volumes which went abroad so very publicly under my name. I know, indeed, that parties thus deceived have expressed their regret and astonishment that I could be guilty of such prose, verse, and worse, as they had met with under my signature. I believe I may cite the well-known Mr. George Robins as a purchaser of one of the counterfeits; and if he, perhaps, eventually knocked me down as a street-preacher of infidelity, sedition, or immorality, it was neither his fault nor mine. I may here refer, *en passant*,—the illustrations are plenty as blackberries,—to a former correspondence in the *Athenæum*, in which I had, in common with Mr. Poole and the late Mr. Colman, to disclaim any connexion with a periodical in which I was advertised as a contributor. There was more recently, and probably still is, one Marshall, of Holborn Bars, who publicly claims me as a writer in his pay, with as much right to the imprint of my name, as a print collector has to the engravings in another man’s portfolio: but against this man I have taken no rash steps, otherwise called legal, knowing that I might as well appeal to Martial Law versus Marshall, as to any other. As a somewhat whimsical case, I may add the following:—Mr. Chappell, the music-seller, agreed to give me a liberal sum for the use of any ballad I might publish; and another party, well known in the same line, applied to me for a formal permission to publish a little song of mine, which a lady had done me the honour of setting to an original melody. Here seemed to be a natural recognition of copyright, and the moral sense of justice standing instead of law: but in the meantime a foreign composer,—I forget his name, but it was set in G—, took a fancy to some of my verses, and without the semiquaver of a right, or the demi-semiquaver of an apology, converted them to his own use. I remonstrated, of course; and the reply, based on the assurance of impunity, not only admitted the fact, but informed me that Monsieur not finding my lines agree with his score, had taken the liberty of altering them at his risk. Now, I would confidently appeal to the highest poets in the land, whether they do not feel it quite responsibility enough to be accountable for their own lays in the mother tongue; but to be answerable also for the attempts in English verse by a foreigner—and, above all, a Frenchman—is really too much of a bad thing!

Would it be too much to request of the learned Serjeant who has undertaken our cause, that he would lay these cases before Parliament? Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen come down to their respective Houses, in a fever of nervous excitement, and shout of “Privilege! Breach of Privilege!” because their speeches have been erroneously reported, or their meaning garbled in perhaps a single sentence; but how would they relish to see whole speeches,—nay, pamphlets,—they had never uttered, or written, paraded, with their names, styles, and titles at full length by those placarding walkers, who, like fathers of lies, or rather mothers of them, carry one staring falsehood pickaback, and another at the bosom? How would those gentlemen like to see extempore versions of their orations done into English by a native of Paris, and published, as the pig ran, down all sorts of streets? Yet to similar nuisances are authors exposed without adequate means of abating them. It is often better, I have been told, to abandon one’s rights than to defend them at law,—a sentence that will bear a particular application to literary grievances. For instance, the law would have something to say to a man who claimed his neighbour’s umbrella as his own parasol, because he had cut off a bit round the rim: yet, by something of a similar process, the better part of a book may be appropriated,—and this is so *civil* an offence, that any satisfaction at law is only to be obtained by a very costly and doubtful course. There was even a piratical work, which,—to adopt Burke’s paradoxical style,—disingenuously ingenuously and dishonestly honest, assumed the plain title of “The Thief,” professing, with the connivance of the law, to steal all its materials. How this Thief died I know not; but as it was a literary thief, I would lay long odds that the law was not its finisher.

These piracies are naturally most injurious to those authors whose works are of a fugitive nature, or on

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topics of temporary interest; but there are writers of a more solid stamp—of a higher order of mind, or nobler ambition, who devote themselves to the production of works of permanent value and utility. Such works often creep but slowly into circulation and repute, but then become classics for ever. And what encouragement or reward does the law hold forth to such contributors to our Standard National Literature? Why, that after a certain lapse of years, coinciding probably with the term requisite to establish the sterling character of the work, or, at least, to procure its general recognition—then, ay, just then, when the literary property is realized, when it becomes exchangeable against the precious metals which are considered by some political and more practical economists as the standard of value—the law decrees that then all right or interest in the book shall expire in the author, and by some strange process, akin to the Hindoo transmutations, revive in the great body of the booksellers. And here arises a curious question. After the copyright has so lapsed, suppose that some speculative publisher, himself an amateur writer, should think fit to abridge or expand the author's matter—extenuate or aggravate his arguments—French polish his style—Johnstonize his phraseology—or even, like Winifred Jenkins, wrap his own "bit of nonsense under his Honour's kiver,"—is there any legal provision extant to which the injured party could appeal for redress of such an outrage on all that is left to him, his reputation? I suspect there is none whatever. There is yet another singular result from this state of the law, which I beg leave to illustrate by my own case. If I may modestly appropriate a merit, it is that, whatever my faults, I have at least been a decent writer. In a species of composition, where, like the ignis fatuus that guides into a bog, a glimmer of the ludicrous is apt to lead the fancy into an indelicacy, I feel some honest pride in remembering that the reproach of impurity has never been cast upon me by my judges. It has not been my delight to exhibit the Muse, as it has tenderly been called, "high-kilted." I have had the gratification, therefore, of seeing my little volumes placed in the hands of boys and girls; and as I have children of my own, to I hope, survive me, I have the inexpressible comfort of thinking that hereafter they will be able to cast their eyes over the pages inscribed with my name, without a burning blush on their young cheeks to reflect that the author was their father. So whispers Hope, with the dulcet voice and the golden hair; but what thunders Law, of the iron tone and the frizzled wig? "Decent as thy Muse may be now—a delicate Ariel—she shall be indecent and indelicate hereafter! She shall class with the bats and the fowls obscene! The slow reward of thy virtue shall be the same as the prompt punishment of vice. Thy copyright shall depart from thee—it shall be everybody's and anybody's, and 'no man shall call it his own!'"

Verily, if such be the proper rule of copyright, for the sake of consistency two very old copywriters should be altered to match, and run thus:—"Virtue is its own punishment."—"Age commands respect!"

To return to the author, whose fame is slow and sure—to be its own reward,—should he be dependent, as is often the case, on the black and white bread of literature—should it be the profession by which he lives, it is evident that under such a system he must beg, run into debt, or starve. And many have been beggars—many have got into debt; it is hardly possible to call up the ghost of a literary hero, without the apparition of a catchpole at his elbow, for, like Jack the Giant-killer, our elder worthies, who had the Cap of Knowledge, found it equally convenient to be occasionally invisible, as well as to possess the Shoes of Swiftness,—and some have starved! Could the "Illustrious Dead" arise, after some Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund, and walk in procession round the table, like the resuscitated objects of the Royal Humane Society, what a melancholy exhibition they would make! I will not marshal them forth in order, but leave the show to the imagination of the reader. I doubt whether the Illustrious Living would make a much brighter muster. Supposing a general summons, how many day-rules—how many incognitos from abroad—how many visits to Monmouth Street would be necessary to enable the members to put in an appearance! I

fear, heaven forgive me! some of our nobles even would show only Three Golden Balls in their coronets! If we do not actually starve or die by poison in this century, it is, perhaps, owing partly to the foundation of the Literary Fund, and partly to the invention of the Stomach Pump; but the truly abject state of Literature may be gathered from the fact, that, with a more accurate sense of the destitution of the Professors, than of the dignity of the Profession, a proposal has lately been brought forward for the erection of almshouses for paupers of "learning and genius," who have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, under the specious name of *Literary Retreats*, or, as a military man would technically and justly read such a record of our failures, *Literary Defeats*. Nor is this the climax: the proposal names half a dozen of these humble abodes to "make a beginning" with—a mere brick of the building—as if the projector, in his mind's eye, saw the whole Mile End Road of one-storied tenements in a shell, stretching from Number Six—and "to be continued!"

Visions of paupers, spare my aching sight,
Ye unbuildt houses, crowd not on my soul!

I do hope, before we are put into yellow-leather very small-clothes, muffin-caps, green-baize coats and badges,—and made St. Minerva's charity-boys at once,—for that must be the first step,—that the Legislature will interfere, and endeavour to provide better for our sere and yellow leaves, by protecting our black and white ones. Let the law secure to us a fair chance of getting our own, and perhaps, with proper industry, we may be able—who knows?—to build little snuggeries for ourselves. Under the present system, the chances are decidedly against a literary man's even laying a good foundation of French bricks. To further illustrate the nature of a copyright, we will suppose that an author retains it, or publishes, as it is called, on his own account. He will then have to divide amongst the trade, in the shape of commission, allowances, &c. from 40 to 45 per cent. of the gross proceeds, leaving the Stationer, Printer, Binder, Advertising, and all other expenses to be paid out of the remainder. And here arise two important contingencies. 1st. In order that the author may know the true number of the impression, and, consequently, the correct amount of the sale, it is necessary that his publisher should be honest. 2ndly. For the author to duly receive his profits, his publisher must be solvent. I intend no disrespect to the trade in general by naming these conditions; but I am bound to mention them, as risks adding to the insecurity of the property: as two hurdles which the rider of Pegasus may have to clear in his course to be a winner. If I felt inclined to reflect on the trade, it would be to censure those dishonest members of it, who set aside a principle in which the interests of authors and booksellers are identical—the inviolability of copyright. I need not point out the notorious examples of direct piracy at home, which have made the foreign offences comparatively venial; nor yet those more oblique plagiarisms, and close parodies, which are alike hurtful in their degree. Of the evil of these latter practices I fear our bibliopoles are not sufficiently aware; but that man deserves to have his head published in foolscap, who does not see that whatever temporary advantages a system of piracy may hold out, the consequent swamping of Literature will be ruinous to the trade, till eventually it may dwindle down to Four-and-Twenty Booksellers all in a Row,—and all in "the old book line," pushing off back-stock and bartering remainders.

But my letter is exceeding all reasonable length, and I will reserve what else I have to say till next post.

THOMAS HOOD.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have seen an account of the French Protestant missionaries, MM. Arbousset and Daumas, in South Africa, in which they are made to boast of having discovered the Ligoyas, a numerous people, hitherto totally unknown. One of them is also said to have traced the river Caledon to its sources in a mountain, which he named Spring Mountain (*Mont aux sources*), "because from its sides descended, as from an

immense reservoir, two fine streams, and three of the most considerable rivers of those countries,—namely, the Orange River, the Litwéli, the Mononino, the Namagári, and the Caledon." Now, if this statement be true, then the map sent home by MM. Casalis and Arbousset, and published in 1834, must be extremely incorrect, for there the sources of the Caledon and Orange rivers are placed 60 miles asunder. We have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that that interesting tract of country has been surveyed by Dr. Smith, who discovered what has escaped the notice of the French missionaries,—namely, that the sources of the river Mapúta, which flows northwards to Delagoa Bay, are not far distant from those of the Orange river. The Unzimvubu also, the largest river of the Caffre coast, rises near the same height, which may, accordingly, be looked on as the culminating point of the Caffrarian Mountains.

With respect to the Ligoyas, said to be just discovered, we can depose without hesitation that they were known twenty years ago. They are marked (if our memory do not deceive us) in the maps of Burchell and of Campbell. In consequence of the commotions which agitated the interior of the country in 1823, the Ligoyas fled in great numbers to the frontiers of the colony, where they sought employment as herdsmen and farm-servants, and were found to be a peaceable and industrious people. Within the last six years great numbers of Dutch boers, as is well known, have crossed the Orange river, and advanced far into the interior: many of them have gone to the Ligoya country, and most of them have Ligoya servants.

From the Cape papers of 7th January, we learn that the boers have at length come into contact with Mtsiliketsi, from whom they had sustained so terrible a defeat, that their total expulsion from the plains beyond the Orange river is talked of as its probable consequence. The adventurers at Natal also were at the same time kept in continual alarm by the menaces of Dingani, and were importuning the colonial government to send some one authorized to treat with the Zúla king, until the arrival of "his white man," Capt. Gardiner. We suspect that there are no profound jurists among the settlers at Natal. The demands of Dingani, which they wish to see complied with, are not of a nature to be executed by an agent of the British government, being contrary to the established usages of civilized nations.

Mr. Barry's estimates for the New Houses of Parliament have been examined and approved by the Board of Works, and the total amount is a trifle under the rough calculation of \$800,000. Of course we like to see, in all national undertakings, that vigilant care is taken of the public purse, but we would not strike off a single turret of this magnificent pile of building out of any scrupulous consideration of mere cost. The people desire only to have their whistle for their money—to have a noble structure that shall add something to the architectural splendour of their capital—give them that, and there will be no cavilling whether it costs a hundred thousand pounds more or less. A love of architecture, consequent on knowledge, is certainly spreading among us; and few things are more likely to aid the good cause than the example set by Earl de Grey, the President of the Institute of Architects, who, on Monday last, threw open his house for the reception of the members of the Society, and the patrons and friends of the art. This is the way to awaken a feeling for, and, by the inter-communication of mind, to diffuse a knowledge of, architecture; and on this broad basis alone can the fame of the artist be securely built up. We were happy to see, that not only many noblemen, but many noble ladies, were present.

The Parisians, too, are not behind us in a growing love of art, if the prices given for pictures may be received as proof. The splendid collection of the

Élysée Bourbon, belonging to the Duchess of Berry, is now on sale, and a correspondent sends us the following particulars:—The Breakfast, by Teniers, sold for 24,500 francs.—The celebrated Village Dance, by Ostade, 22,000.—An Interior, by Terburg, 15,200.—The Ghent Fair, by Teniers, 15,900.—A Landscape, by Hobbema, 22,100.—Hawking, by Wouvermans, 17,500.—The Marriage of Cana, by Jan Steen, 13,500.—The Three Cows, by Paul Potter, 12,100.—A Portrait of Gerard Dow, by himself, 10,700.—The Square at Amsterdam, by Vander Leyden, 9,950.—Landscape by Both, 9,150.—Landscape, by Ruysdael and Berghem, 8,000.—The Trumpeter, by Wouvermans, 7,500.—The Return from Market, by the same artist, 6,730.—The Philosophers, by Gerard Dow, 8,250.—The White Horse, by Carl du Jardin, 7,555.—Flowers and Fruit, by Van Huysum, 7,100.—to say nothing of those unimportant trifles that brought only four and five thousand.

Whether it bodes well, or otherwise, for the French drama, we will leave our readers to decide; but we may call attention to the fact, that its principal supporters seem, just now, drawing largely upon national history for their subjects. The last new piece represented at the Théâtre Français was *La Vieillesse d'un grand Roi* (Louis XV.), the next promised is *Charles VII. chez ses grands Vassaux*, a tragedy by M. A. Dumas. Nourrit has taken leave of the Grand Opera, in the midst of a crowd of the first artists and fashionables of Paris, and fine things enough on the part of the journalists, in the shape of regrets and compliments, to satisfy vanity the most inordinate.

There are some very splendid specimens of tapestried needle-work now exhibiting at the Cosmorama Rooms, Regent Street, which are worthy the attention of the curious. Three of the groups are devoted to the history of the Queen of Carthage and the pious Eneas; another—an enormous piece of handwork—is a St. Cecilia, with attendant angels; then there is a suite of pictures setting forth the rise, progress, and conclusion of a (royal?) courtship; but the most magnificent thing, to our eye, is a series of grotesque panels, in which satyrs and cupids are surrounded by splendid wreaths of flowers, as yet marvellously little faded. This tapestry is very curious—we are told, almost unique—inasmuch as it is wrought with silk instead of wool.

The election for the secretaryship of the Literary Fund, vacated by the recent retirement of Mr. Roney, took place on Wednesday last; when the Rev. Whittington Landon was appointed. We also notice with satisfaction, the appointment, by Lord Mulgrave, of Dr. Anster, the translator of Faust, as registrar of the Admiralty Court.

On Monday last the public were invited to see the unrolling of a mummy at Exeter Hall. The result was much as usual, except, indeed, that the body was so completely imbedded in the bituminous matter that it was impossible to remove the inner bandages. Nothing new was elicited; and we would refer those who desire to be informed on the subject to our report of the late Mr. Davidson's lecture at the Royal Institution (1833, p. 481), and the review of Mr. Pettigrew's 'History of Egyptian Mummies' (1834, p. 281).

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS, is Open daily from 10 in the Morning until 5 in the Evening.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, PALL MALL EAST, WILL OPEN ON MONDAY, the 24th instant.

Open each Day from 9 till dusk. Admittance 1s.; Catalogue 6d. R. HILLS, Sec.

DE KEYSER'S FIELD OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.—The magnificent Picture representing the DEATH of the COUNT D'ARTOIS at the Battle of WATERLOO, fought between the Flemings and French in 1802; or, 'The Field of the Golden Spurs,' painted by NICAISE DE KEYSER, of Antwerp, and which elicited such general applause at Brussels last Autumn, is now arrived in London, and will be publicly exhibited in a few days at MR. STANLEY'S GALLERY, in Maddox-street, Hanover-square.—This splendid effort of genius, the production of a Youth only in his 22nd year, is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of Art.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 13.—Francis Bailey, Esq. V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.

Dr. Royle, and Robert Hunter, Esq., were admitted Fellows of the Society.

Capt. John T. Smith, of the Madras Engineers, William Ayrton, Esq. F.S.A., James Carson, M.D., and William Hopkins, M.A. were proposed as candidates.

William Archibald Armstrong White, Esq. was elected a Fellow.

The sequel of Professor Daniell's paper, entitled 'Further Observations on Voltaic Combinations,' was read.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 10.—Mr. Murchison, V. P. in the chair.

The following papers were read:

1st. A Letter from Van Diemen's Land, dated Oct. 21, 1836, announcing that Major Mitchell, Surveyor General of New South Wales, and his party, who started from Sydney in April last, to continue his exploring journey, had struck the south coast at the very point he intended, namely, Portland Bay, to the westward of Port Phillip, where he had received supplies from the whalers. No official account had yet been received; but it is said, that he describes the country through which he passed as superior to anything he had before seen in Australia; it was believed to be Major Mitchell's intention to return by land to Sydney, most probably keeping to the north-westward of Mr. Hume's route from the Morumbidgee to Port Phillip, in 1824, and thus being enabled to lay down the course of the several rivers crossed by that gentleman.

Another journey has also been made by a private individual, a native of the colony (and we fancy we are not far wrong in attributing it to the enterprising gentleman just mentioned). He shaped his course for the south-eastern point of Australia, and after experiencing many difficulties, wading and crossing at great risk several rivers, he made the sea at Cape Howe. He describes the country from Twofold Bay to that promontory to be very fertile. From Cape Howe he proceeded by Ram Head and the Long Beach to Western Port. He mentions a noble river near Cape Howe, within the heads of which is a good harbour, superior to the river Derwent, but with the disadvantage of a bar entrance, upon which he found fifteen feet at low water. The country is described as abounding in cedar, excellent forest land, and no scrub.

2nd. A Memoir on the province of Omán, on the East Coast of Arabia, by Lieut. J. R. Wellsted, Indian Navy, F.R.S.

The author of this highly interesting paper, as indeed must be the description of a country into which, as the memoir states, "no European traveller has hitherto penetrated, and whose people and country remain wholly unknown to us," was selected by the government at Bombay to make a journey into the interior of Omán, and, with the usual spirit of liberality shown in the Indian service, was provided with instruments of all sorts for making scientific observations, with letters to the Imám of Muskat, who, as Mr. Wellsted states, "with his characteristic liberality, in every way forwarded my views, and gave me letters to the chiefs of all the districts through which I had to pass;"—and, in short, with every facility for this enterprising journey.

Quitting Bombay, Mr. Wellsted reached Muskat on the 21st November 1835; this city has of late years been often described, but we may notice that our author states its population, including Matrah, to be 60,000 persons, and its imports at 3½ millions of dollars. He thence went by sea to the port of Sár, about eighty miles to the south-east of Muskat, where he was civilly received by the Sheikh, and provided with guides and fourteen camels.

"Dec. 2. Leaving Sár," says Mr. Wellsted, "I journeyed along the Wadi Falij, twenty miles, in a south-west direction, towards the district of Jailan, thence S.S.W. twenty-two miles over a flat and uninteresting country, to the camp of the Beni Bú Ali Bedouins, in lat. 22° 3' N. It was here that the detachment of troops under Captain Thompson, who, in the year 1820, in company with the army of the

Imám of Muskat, had marched against this tribe, suffered so severely, and in consequence of which the following year Sir Lionel Smith was dispatched against them and destroyed them.† Since that time no European had visited this tribe, and I was not a little surprised at their truly kind and hospitable reception of me; everything they could offer was at my service, and in speaking of the transaction of 1821, the wives of the Sheikh said, 'We have fought—you have made us every compensation for those who fell, and we should now be friends.'

"Dec. 6. I continued my journey to the S.S.W., forty-five miles over the desert, and the following day the same distance W.S.W., to some wells, and thence returned to the tents of Beni Bú Ali.

"Dec. 10. Journeyed forty-two miles in a north-westerly direction, through the shallow valley of Wadi Butha, as far as Bedia, a district comprising seven small oases, which are fertile and beautiful past expectation.

"Dec. 13. Over the same country to Ibrah, an old town containing several handsome houses, with a population of about 700 persons, and thence continuing by the same shallow valley to Semmed, in lat. 22° 50' N., an extensive oasis, with about 800 inhabitants; in its vicinity is a large fort, garrisoned by the Imám's troops—hence, in a W.S.W. direction, to Minna, an old town in a fertile and rich oasis, open fields beautifully cultivated, groves of almond, citron, and orange trees, so luxuriant that we exclaimed with astonishment, 'Is this Arabia, that has been represented as a desert?' fields of corn and sugar cane extended for miles before us, streams of water flowing in all directions, and the cheerful and contented appearance of the Arabs proved that all was plenty.

"Dec. 23. I reached Neswah, in lat. 22° 50' N., which is the largest and most populous of all the oases; here we left our camels and procured asses to ascend the rocky heights of Jebel Akdár, or Green Mountain, which here extends, in an east and west direction, a distance of more than thirty miles. I ascended the range, which is of limestone, and reaches 6000 feet above the sea, and passed some days on the high table land; the surface is bare, but the ravines are well cultivated, and produce fruit and vegetables in abundance; the Beni-rehan tribe, which inhabit them, are not such fine-looking men as might be expected from their hardy life and mountainous abode, which may possibly be attributed to their immoderate use of wine, which, in spite of the precepts of the Koran, they indulge in, and excuse it on account of the cold they are exposed to; the wine resembles that from Shiráz. On my return to Neswah I made various short excursions into the desert to the south-west.

"Jan. 15. Owing to the malaria arising from a rank vegetation in an oasis at Neswah, I was seized with a fever, became delirious, and suffered severely; on regaining my senses, I was so weak that it was requisite to go to the sea coast for change of air, and therefore went to Sib, twenty miles N.W. of Muskat, which is celebrated for its salubrity, and here remained till the end of February. I then started again along the coast, as far as Suik, sixty miles farther to N.W., whence I turned into the interior of the country in a S.W. direction, till we reached Makinyat on the 10th of March; this was once a large town, but now is nothing more than a straggling village, never having recovered from a visit made to it in 1800 by the Wahabís—it stands in 23° 21' north latitude, forty-two miles from the nearest point of the coast at Khobúr. We hence continued in a W.N.W. direction, over a succession of barren and sandy plains to Obrí, where, to our annoyance, we found 2000 Wahabís had taken possession of it; they were proceeding to attack Bedia, and when they found we were travelling under the Imám's protection, it was with some difficulty I escaped from them without being pillaged or murdered. I was therefore obliged to retrace my steps to Suik, on the coast, and went by sea to Shínas, in hopes of reaching Brémah, but in vain. The province of Omán extends about 350 miles from Cape Musseldom on the north, to the island of Mazeira on the south, with an average breadth of 120 miles, yet this seems very ill defined; it is divided into four districts, namely, 1. Batnah, extending in a narrow

† See Fraser's Journey to Khorsen, Appendix A.—Ed.

strip along the coast, from the northward, as far as 5th; 2. Darrah, parallel to the former, but in the interior; 3. Omán, comprising the central parts, and Muskat; 4. Jailan to the south-east.

It may be described as a desert, thickly studded with dunes, and containing amidst its mountains many fertile valleys, yet the cultivated parts bear but a small proportion to that which is barren.

The average height of the range of mountains which runs throughout the extent of this part of Arabia is from 3000 to 3500 feet; yet the highest points of Jebel Akdár exceed 6000 feet above the sea; the width of the range is from twelve to fifteen miles; felspar and mica slate enter most commonly into the formation of the lower ranges, and limestone the upper; with the exception of Jebel Akdár, they are devoid of wood, and barren.

The interest of this memoir was very much heightened by the exhibition of a beautiful map, showing the traveller's route throughout a distance of 700 miles by land, and, by the various explanations and illustrations given by Mr. Wellsted, who was present during the reading of this narrative, which is a most valuable addition to the geography of the hitherto unexplored country of Arabia.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

At the first meeting, 10th of January, of the present Session,—the President, James Walker, Esq., in the chair,—Lieut.-Col. Pasley gave an account of the experiments which he had conducted on the manufacture of artificial cements. The strongest cement which he had made, consisted of 4 lb. of chalk and 5 lb. of moist blue clay, fresh from the Medway; with this cement he had set thirty-one bricks out for a wall. He estimated the adhesive power of this cement at about 5,000 lb. on the surface of the ordinary brick. As compared with old chalk mortar, he was led to consider the adhesive power of his artificial cement forty days old, as at least twenty times that of chalk mortar 30 years old.

The officers for the session having been nominated, the meeting adjourned.

Jan. 17.—W. Cubitt, Esq. V.P. in the chair. This being the Annual General Meeting, the report of the Council on the state of the Institution was received, and the following officers were elected:—

President—James Walker, Esq. F.R.S. L. & E.; Vice Presidents—W. Cubitt, Esq. F.R.S., B. Donkin, Esq. F.R.S., J. Field, Esq. F.R.S., H. R. Palmer, Esq. F.R.S.; Council—F. Bramah, Esq., I. K. Brunel, Esq. F.R.S., G. Lowe, Esq. F.R.S., J. Macneill, Esq. F.R.S., W. A. Provis, Esq., R. Stephenson, Esq., J. Simpson, Esq.; Auditors—N. Nicholls, Esq., J. Howell, Esq.; Treasurer—W. A. Hankey, Esq.; Secretary—T. Webster, Esq. M.A.; Foreign Secretary—S. Whitwell, Esq.; Collector—Mr. G. C. Gibbon.

Jan. 31.—W. Cubitt, Esq. V.P. in the chair. Mr. Henry Habberley Price was transferred from the class of Corresponding to the class of Ordinary Members.

A paper, and drawing, by Mr. Mitchell, jun. of Sheerness, descriptive of a New Boring Apparatus, and a paper by Mr. Ballard, on Breaking Ice, by firing it upwards, were presented.

A conversation took place on the constitution of artificial Cements. It was considered to be of very great importance to collect information from different parts of the country, respecting the constituent ingredients and the proportions which were found to make the best cements; so that the engineer might have some certain rule for the employment of those materials which might happen to be ready at hand.

Mr. Blunt, from America, gave some account of the Geodetical Operations which are now going on in America, and in which he had been employed. They had used the Heliotrope of Gauss, with great advantage in the triangulation, which was now nearly complete for between 70 and 80 miles along the coast.

Feb. 7.—The President in the chair. Mr. Thomas Wicksteed, of the East London Water-works, was elected a Member. The conversation on Cement being resumed, it was stated that we must consider some metallic oxide as an essential for all water cements. Hydrate of lime is the basis of all mortars, but a mortar made from it will not harden under water: the addition of clay will communicate this property to it; and this must be considered as arising from the metallic oxide which is present in all clays.

There is a considerable quantity of iron in puzzolana, in Dutch terras, and in basalt; whenever then any of these substances are used, we have the presence of a metallic oxide. In drawing the necessary distinction between a good mortar, and a good water-mortar, or cement, we may remark that a good mortar depends for its qualities on the absorption of carbonic acid: if the circumstances are such that this gas cannot be absorbed, as when the mortar is under water, some other substance must be added, and a metallic oxide seems to communicate this property of hardening under water. It was contended, also, that the natural cements exhibited very different quantities of metallic oxides, being apparently almost entirely wanting in some: great diversities also existed in the cements from the same range of stone. Parts of the lias range made a good hydraulic mortar or cement, but the mortar made from other parts would not set at all under water.

A paper by Mr. Perkins, on the generation of Steam through the medium of surcharged steam, and on the method of supplying Locomotive Engines, was then read; and Mr. Blunt gave an account of the rates and construction of the American steamers.

Feb. 14.—The President in the chair. Mr. John Reynolds, of Bristol, was elected an Associate. The President having addressed the meeting, it was resolved that the Address be printed for circulation among the Members.

A paper, by Mr. Reynolds, on the construction of Railways, was read. The principles of a railway, as stated in this paper, are—1. That it should be the closest practical approximation to a perfect plane of perfect stability; 2. That it should be adapted to prevent or to neutralize the vibrations consequent on the impact of imperfect cylinders rolling on imperfect planes; 3. That it should possess the greatest durability and facility of being repaired, which are compatible with the above conditions. These objects Mr. Reynolds proposes to effect by adopting a rail, the base of which is to have a continuous bearing,—that is, sustained at every point underneath, instead of at particular points, as on stone blocks. The bearing surfaces of the rail are inclined to each other at a right angle, so that the section of the rail is a triangle, with its vertex downwards. The rail is to be laid in earth beaten hard, or in such materials as can be most readily procured. By this peculiar form of the rail, Mr. Reynolds considers that the sustaining area is increased, so that a greater vertical support is procured, and the lateral stability is rendered certain. The rail consists of three parts, the trough, the wooden sill, and the rail: the trough is laid in the ground; in it is laid a sill of wood, and on this wood is placed a wrought or cast-iron rail. The wood acts as a partially elastic bed, so that the concussions which the upper surface experiences are neutralized, and the vibration almost entirely prevented. The upper rail, or wood, can be readily restored if necessary; the bearer can be kept in its true place by beating earth under at the side; and the expense is estimated at about the same as the present rails, including the blocks.

To the paper are appended two reports; one by Mr. H. R. Palmer, and the other by Messrs. Grainger & Miller, on the rails of continuous bearing, but cast in one piece, which were laid down by Mr. Reynolds on Chatmoss several months ago.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 6.—Captain Bowles, R.N., in the chair.—The report of the Council announced the total receipts of the past month 1063l. 6s. 6d., and of expenditure 1525l. 7s. 11d., including 1201l. 16s. to the menagerie, 237l. 1s. 11d. to the museum, and 86l. 10s. to the general establishment.

Several presents were announced to the museum, amongst which were the body of a Tinnamor, from the Earl of Derby, and a specimen of *Ongyotenus an Bergii*, from Mr. Waterhouse. The number of visitors during the past month was 511, from whom 6l. 13s. was received. The donations to the menagerie were numerous, including presents from Her Majesty, the Marchioness of Winchester, Sir Herbert Taylor, &c. The number of visitors to the gardens was 5985, and the amount received therefrom 157l. 19s. The specimens in the menagerie were stated as 308 mammalia, 698 birds, and 17 reptiles, making a total of 1023. On the motion of Mr. Cox, a resolution was

carried, to recommend to the Council the establishment of Lectures on Zoology, and proper places for the dissection of animals dying at the gardens, in order to render the Society more available to the spread of Zoological science.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

April 4.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A continuation of a paper by the Rev. P. Keith, on several points of Vegetable Physiology, was read.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

April 3.—Charles Fowler, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Donaldson, the Secretary, announced several presents, amongst which were a series of architectural sketches in Spain; several drawings of the Gothic monument on the tomb of Richard II. at Gloucester Cathedral, the nave of the old church at Worcester, built in the twelfth century, &c. Dr. Dickson delivered his concluding lecture on the Physiology and Structure of Wood used in construction.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—April 11.—R. H. Solly, Esq., took the chair. Mr. E. Cowper addressed the meeting on recent improvements in Paper Making. He referred to the origin of paper-making, and to the various plants (drawings of which he exhibited) from which it had been manufactured. Speaking of the strength of writing papers, he produced a sheet of post quarto, the ends of which he had pasted together, and he raised half a hundred weight with it. The same sheet, he said, had lifted a man off the ground. He then adverted to Mr. Babbage's experiments, for ascertaining the colour of paper least injurious to the sight, which he stated to be green; though, in printing papers, the type was never more effective than when used on white. He explained the nature of the machinery used in the manufacture of the article, and observed that, though objections had been urged against it on its first introduction, it would now be impossible to produce the required supply by manual labour. He showed the construction of the frame used for making wove-paper, and perfected two sheets in the presence of the Society. In his observations on the length of paper which had been manufactured, he mentioned that one sheet had been completed which would reach four miles; and that an eminent manufacturer, whose mills were visited by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, had a sheet made to cover the lane they had to pass, from the proprietor's residence to the works, of at least three quarters of a mile, and which answered all the purposes of a carpet. He mentioned, that in the early attempts to manufacture the article, a petition had been presented by the proprietors of mills at Rome to the Pope, praying that some means might be devised to turn their stock into more advantageous property, their warehouses being full, while the manufacturers were absolutely in want of the necessities of life;—and, added Mr. Cowper, the amazing stock referred to was equal to the consumption of about three of our Penny Magazines. Respecting glossy papers, he observed, if they were too dry, they would crumble like dust; and he particularly eulogized Mr. Dickenson's improvements in paper-making.

After the lecture, Mr. Goadby exhibited his dissections of insects, by aid of the microscope.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—April 6.—J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S., President, in the chair.—A specimen of *Potentilla supina*, found by Dr. Bossey at Woolwich, was exhibited. A paper was read from the secretary, W. M. Chatterley, Esq., being a translation of De Candolle's Geographical Distribution of Plants, extracted from 'La Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève,' which led to an interesting discussion; after which the meeting adjourned until the 20th April.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society	Two P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society	Eight.
	Statistical Society	Eight.
MON.	Institute of British Architects	Eight.
	Architectural Society	Eight.
	Civil Engineers	Eight.
TUES.	Linnean Society	Eight.
	Horticultural Society	Three.
WED.	Geological Society	Eight.
	Society of Arts	Eight.
	Royal Society	Eight.
THURS.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight.
	Botanical Society	Eight.
	Numismatic Society	Seven.
FRI.	Royal Institution	Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE MAID OF ARTOIS (*Indine, Mrs. Wood*).
On Monday, CINDERELLA; or, the Fairy Slipper, (*Cinderella, Mrs. Wood*).

FRENCH PLAYS, LYCEUM.

On Monday, JEAN (*Jean, M. Lafont*); and a Variety of other Entertainments.
Wednesday, PIERRE LE ROUGE (*Pierre, M. Lafont*).

KING'S THEATRE.—To write in Ercole's vein, Once more we have an Opera! The arrival of the company from Paris—and there is not such another company collected, or to be collected, "from China to Peru"—has changed the King's Theatre from a pillory—that is, a place where ears are bored—to a "Paradise of dainty devices." In plainer phrase, Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini, re-appeared in 'I Puritani' this day week, and were greeted by the heartiest of welcomes from a densely crowded audience. On Tuesday 'Norma' was given, in which Madlle. Assandri made her first curtsy for the season. To our ears (making allowance for the charm of novelty), the entire corps seem singing better than ever. Grisi, at least, is assuredly improved; as superb in the fulness and flexibility of her voice as formerly, and far more impulsive and unconstrained in its management. Her performance of the part of *Norma* was beyond all praise.

SOCIETY ARMONICA.—We were prevented from attending the first of this series of Concerts by Spohr's oratorio, which was performed on the same evening—the second was given on Monday last, Mrs. H. Bishop, Madame Giannoni, and Signor Rubini, being the singers engaged. As there was no striking novelty in the vocal portion of the scheme, we shall pass it by, the orchestra claiming a word or two, and those words being of praise. It is decidedly better this year than we have hitherto heard it—more exact and more powerful, though still neither exact nor powerful enough to do full justice to Spohr's characteristic Sinfonia ('The Power of Sound'), with which Monday's Concert opened, and which, strange to say! was scantily applauded, and even partially hissed, by an audience who, by this coldness and disapprobation, have placed their character for discrimination beyond dispute. To ourselves, the Sinfonia by Spohr was a treat of the highest order; and we overlooked a little unstaidness, and a constant feebleness of execution, for the sake of the fine imaginations and imposing effects in which this composition abounds. Mr. Forbes led one of Hummel's pianoforte quintets—Neukomm's septett for wind instruments was also performed; and the overtures to 'Egmont' and 'Guillaume Tell,' and a harp fantasia, by Mr. Chatterton, were yet to come, when, driven by the biting coldness of the room, we left the Concert.

QUARTETT CONCERTS.—The last of Mr. Blagrove's series was given on Thursday evening—including, a quartett by Haydn, faultlessly played—a very incomprehensible quartett by Beethoven (his last), the slow movement, however, of which is very rich in its harmonies—Moscheles' pianoforte trio, dedicated to Cherubini, admirably executed by its author, and a descriptive quintett by Onslow. These entertainments have been perfectly successful, attended by patient and appreciating audiences, and there has been little fault to be found with them. We should have liked to hear more of Beethoven's less *riche* works, than the pieces here selected; and how is it that the managers of these choicest entertainments so perseveringly overlook the excellent and characteristic compositions by Ries for stringed instruments? We could make out a list of some dozen works by this master, which, we are persuaded, would astonish the virtuosi by their beauty and originality.

CITY OF LONDON THEATRE, NORTON FALGATE.—We have lately made a peregrination to this new theatre. So much time has elapsed since its opening, that it is unnecessary for us to go into a minute account of the building. We shall therefore only say, that the architect, Mr. Beazley, has followed his own examples of the English Opera House and St. James's, in its main features, though in its details it is necessarily somewhat different. It has similar beauties and similar defects: there are the lightness and the elegance, but there are also the disproportion

tionate height, and the generally comfortable and inconvenient arrangement of the seats. We know of no branch of architecture, in which there is room for greater improvement, than in the construction of the audience part of a theatre. The present rule seems to be, to give those who do come uncomfortable seats, in order that the building may be capable of containing those who do not.—will the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street rectify this? We wait to see; but we mention it in time, that the hint may be taken by the proprietors if they like it. The general appearance of the house, both before and behind the lamps, is clean and creditable, and the scenery is for the most part very well painted. The only piece we saw was a hash of 'Boz,' a version of whose Pickwickian papers is either acting or announced at almost every minor theatre in London. Clever and racy as these papers are, they are too rambling and too sketchy to be dramatic, and those who undertake to dramatize them, must either leave them with this impediment attached to them, or supply the deficiency by a connecting plot, and so destroy the originality and integrity of their character. We were happy to see two old friends, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Wilkinson. The latter was admirable in *Sam Weller*, and exploded the points of the dialogue with irresistible power. He is certainly the actor of actors for that part. Nothing could be more humorous than his manner of answering, that his name was Samivel Veller; at least we thought so, until he convinced us to the contrary, by explaining "that he had never had occasion to spell his name above two or three times in his life, but that when he did so he generally spelt it with a *We*"—which *We* he jerked out with a force that would have thrown it over a house; at which we laughed most immoderately, being thereunto most legitimately excited.

MISCELLANEA

Gallie Acid.—M. Robiquet has been making various experiments on the tannin and gallic acid, contained in gall-nuts. One of the most remarkable results obtained by him is a knowledge of the great difference of time which it takes to transform pure tannin into gallic acid, or to produce it from the entire nut. Eight months will not complete the former operation, while one month is sufficient for the latter—a proof that the gall-nut contains principles (perhaps gum, or rather mucilage) which facilitate fermentation. Another important result is a confirmation of the opinion of M. Polouze, that gallic acid is to be derived from tannin.

Enothera.—The culture of the *Enothera speciosa*, as an ornamental plant, has existed in Europe for some years, but it is a new fact that it secretes at the bottom of its corolla a sweet liquid, which is glutinous enough to retain prisoners several species of moths of the genus *Sphinx*, especially those which frequent the vine, the bind-weed, and the milk-thistle.

Glow-worm.—The Italian glow-worm appears to be different from ours, for, according to M. Carrara, it has a bag or sac full of air, reaching from the mouth to the abdomen. By means of this phosphorescent matter is put in contact with the atmosphere, without the aid of the respiratory organs. It is used at the pleasure of the insect, and causes a combustion of the phosphorus, which renders its light bright and sparkling, while that of our own glow-worm is dull and steady.

Mole.—In a memoir communicated to the Society of Natural Sciences at Neuchâtel, a curious fact is stated respecting the mole. As it burrows under ground it always turns its back to the sun, proceeding from east to west in the morning and west to east in the evening.

New Oniscus.—A new species of the *Oniscus* of Linnaeus, or the Woodlouse, abounds in Cuba, the characters of which have been determined by M. Guérin. This naturalist, suspecting that they might not be similar to the European species, although reported as such, procured several from that island, and found that they differ in the form of the head and antennae, and more especially in the six anterior feet, which are furnished underneath with brushes of spines, club-shaped at the end, which serve to fix them upon polished and perpendicular surfaces; hence their frequent occurrence in the houses of the Havannah.

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